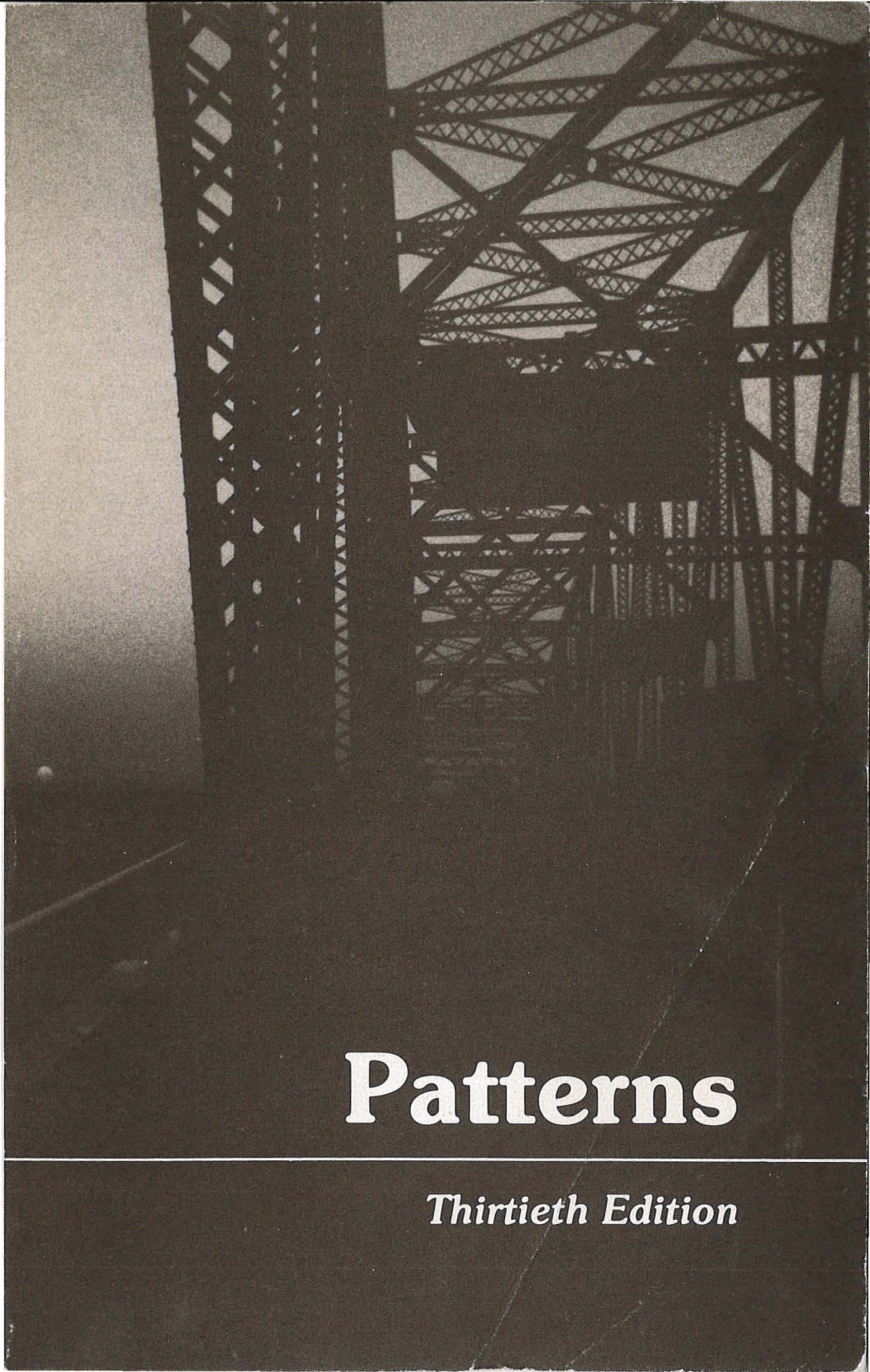

Patterns

Thirtieth Edition

COVER DESIGN:
THE INTERNATIONAL CONNECTION
Douglas E. Wacker

The 30th Edition

of

PATTERNS

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

PREFACE

The 50th anniversary of the Blue Water International Bridge coincides with the 30th edition of **PATTERNS**. The bridge between Port Huron and Sarnia linking the United States and Canada is more than a practical convenience for travelers. For many the bridge serves as a symbol of international friendship. Its magnificient arch weds beauty and strength, nature and civilization. The panoramic view offered us of busy river traffic and industrious sister cities is balanced by the vast expanse of Lake Huron to the north stretching beyond sight.

In its own way, **PATTERNS** is like the Blue Water Bridge. Celebrating 30 years of publication, **PATTERNS** serves both as a showcase of student talent and a record of thoughts and concerns we all share. It contains the work of students who are recent high school graduates or who have returned to school after years of living and working; **PATTERNS** bridges generations.

It reflects their beliefs and values which often mirror places in which they have lived; it is read, enjoyed, and supported both by members of the college family and of communities in the county. In this way **PATTERNS** serves as a bridge between college and community. Almost since its beginning, **PATTERNS** has published both writing and art, thus bringing together visual and verbal interpretations of life.

In our practical world of business and industry, the arts reveal our humanity, too often concealed in our demands for limited basics of learning and life. The arts serve as the bridge connecting us to each other; they give us panoramic views both of the bustling traffic of humanity on the river of life and of the larger vast unknown expanses of the enduring human spirit.

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1987 E.B. Mathews Winner

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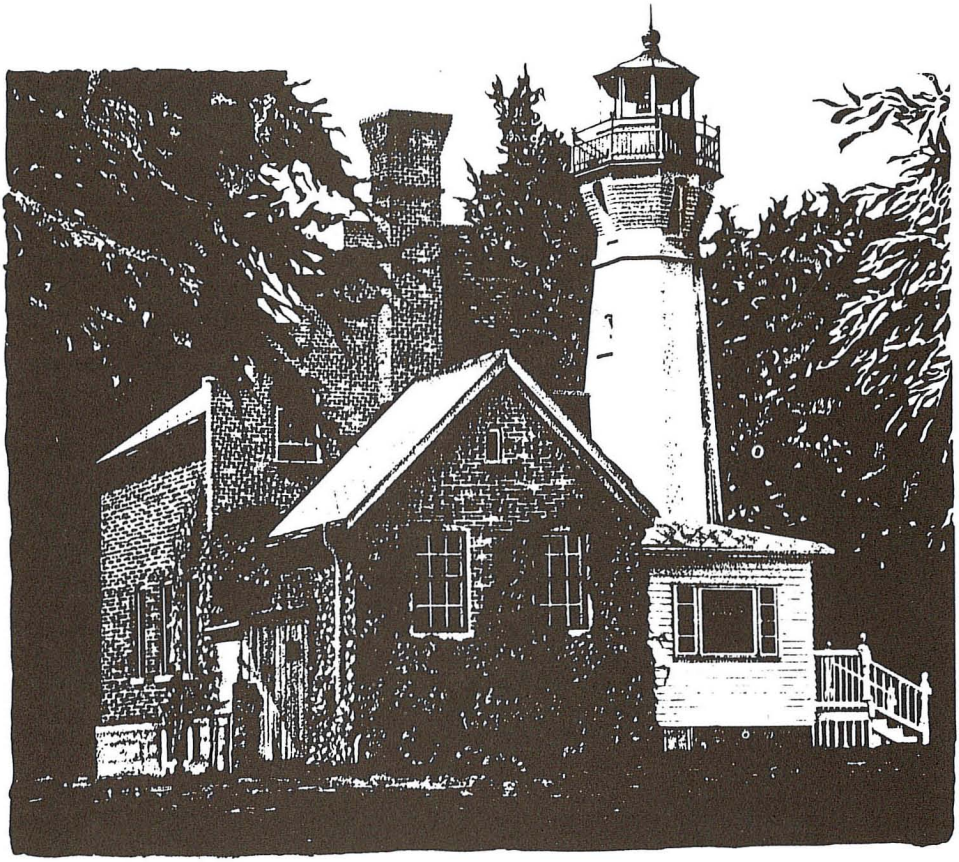
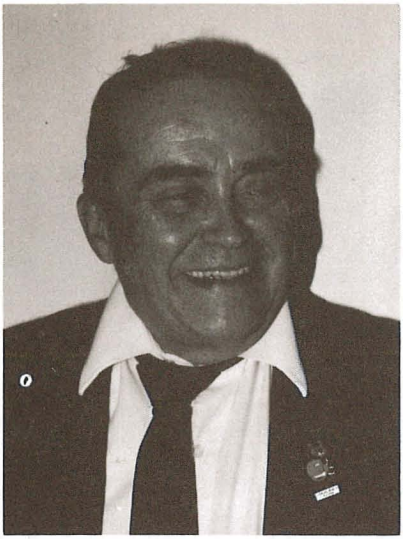


SECOND PLACE

AND THIS IS THE BACK OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

Mark Falls



A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO A SPECIAL TEACHER

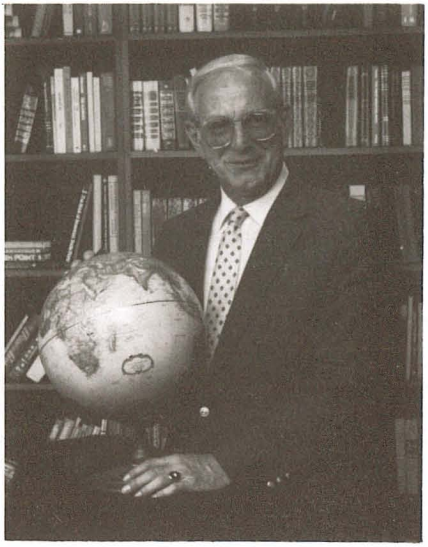
Richard Colwell became a builder of bridges at the college and in the community 25 years ago when he began teaching English at PHJC/SCCCC. He was among the first in the state when he helped to establish new vocational offerings at the college, courses in technical writing. He also went into area businesses and industry, such as the Detroit Edison, to teach principles of effective writing. In addition to tech writing and regular composition and literature courses, he also taught creative writing, spoke at area writing clubs, and conducted a summer writing class for gifted high school students. As department chairperson in English, he worked tirelessly to provide all students with the best programs to serve their personal and vocational needs.

He has worked as arduously in the community as he did in the college, especially with the Lions and with the Senior Citizens. His work with the latter group included participating in "Over 50 Follies" for 12 years, conducting creative writing classes for senior citizens, and serving on the Council of Aging for many years. In 1985 he received the Lions International President's Humanitarian Award.

His close friend and colleague, Blanche Redman, had founded and fostered the early years of **PATTERNS**, and for 25 years he has continued to be one of its staunchest, most enthusiastic supporters, encouraging students to submit their work and serving as a reader and judge for hundreds of entries each year. This past May marked Colwell's retirement from the college and also found him the honored recipient of the well-deserved Distinguished Faculty Award.

In this issue, the members of the English department honor him for his dedicated service to the department and to the college and wish him a long, rewarding retirement. Knowing him as they do, they recognize his dedicated efforts on behalf of others will always lead him into giving the best he can as he continues to build other bridges in the future.

VICTORIAN HARBOR
Nicole Zalut



IN HONOR OF
ST. CLAIR COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE'S OWN ARCHITECT OF BRIDGES

During this commemorative year of the Port Huron/Sarnia International Blue Water Bridge and the milestone publication of **PATTERNS**, it is most appropriate to dedicate this issue to one of Port Huron's own architects of bridges within the community and within the college. Patrick Bourke, Associate Dean of Arts and Letters, represents the vision and vitality found among educators who believe that education is the bridge to successful living connecting practical necessary skills to achieve better jobs with important social and cultural values to contribute to a better society. During his years at the community college, Patrick Bourke's efforts have contributed significantly to the college and the community, to arts and industry, students and staff.

A native of Port Huron, Patrick Bourke began teaching at the Community College in 1965. He taught English and art and was instrumental in establishing the vocational program in advertising design. He organized student and community trips to Chicago, Toronto, Stratford, and Detroit for cultural and educational events. He chaired community concert series, brought Meadow Brook plays to Port Huron, and has continually worked to promote and support local art, music, and theater. As Associate Dean of Arts and Letters, he has been a modern Renaissance man, working to improve vocational programs in advertising, communications, and nursing and to increase cultural benefits for both college and community in ways too numerous to list.

It was largely through his leadership and his untiring personal efforts to obtain major contributions eight years ago that sufficient funds were raised to preserve the publication of **PATTERNS**. Out of this was born the current Friends of the Arts whose financial contributions have not only guaranteed the existence of **PATTERNS** but have supported and expanded activities in art, music, and theater.

Working closely with Chuck and Betty Muer and their staff at the River Crab, he has organized the annual successful Friends of the Arts Brunch.

His work behind the scenes began when he first arrived at the college and helped his close friend and colleague, Eleanor Mathews, by doing the lay-outs for **PATTERNS**, a job he has either done personally or has supervised for over 20 years. He has also served on the committee to select the student art to be published. This past year he worked closely with college and community members to establish the Marge Boal Drama Festival for high school and college students. His dedication and support of college and community activities, of students and staff, of liberal and vocational education, of arts and letters are marked by his belief and commitment to the community college philosophy of Excellence, Challenge, Accessibility, and Caring.

Patrick Bourke, artist, teacher, administrator, represents education at its best: bridging the potential with the possible, the liberal arts with the vocational skills, the college with the community, in order to provide the future with caring, competent people who can continue to build bridges that connect us rather than walls that divide us.

A REPLY TO MY LOVE

by Scott Klein

The ocean of time has washed away the face of our love,
Just as wind etches a cliff's face in hours
And water, in days, hollows limestone towers.

Inch by inch, grain by grain, stone by stone
Until there is nothing left but rubble
And lines on a face contoured with stubble.

You always said a love should last forever,
An archipelago safe from the storm wind's blow--
But love, my sweet love, this none of us will know.

Inch by inch, grain by grain, stone by stone
The ocean, time, beats away at the shore of our lives
Wearing us away until, in the end, we are alone.

THE ELEANOR B. MATHEWS WRITING AWARD

"Everyone is different . . . That is the way we are made: each with his own gift, talent, and creativity," wrote Julie Ann Brown, this year's recipient of the Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award, in her essay on creative motherhood inspired by Alice Walker's *"In Search of Our Mother's Gardens."* For the sixth year a student author has been selected to receive the award established in honor of one of the community college's best loved and most effective teachers of writing. Mrs. Mathews was also a published poet and a devoted mother and grandmother. The writing award was established in her name by her family and friends in 1983 to recognize students whose writing "exhibits outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style."

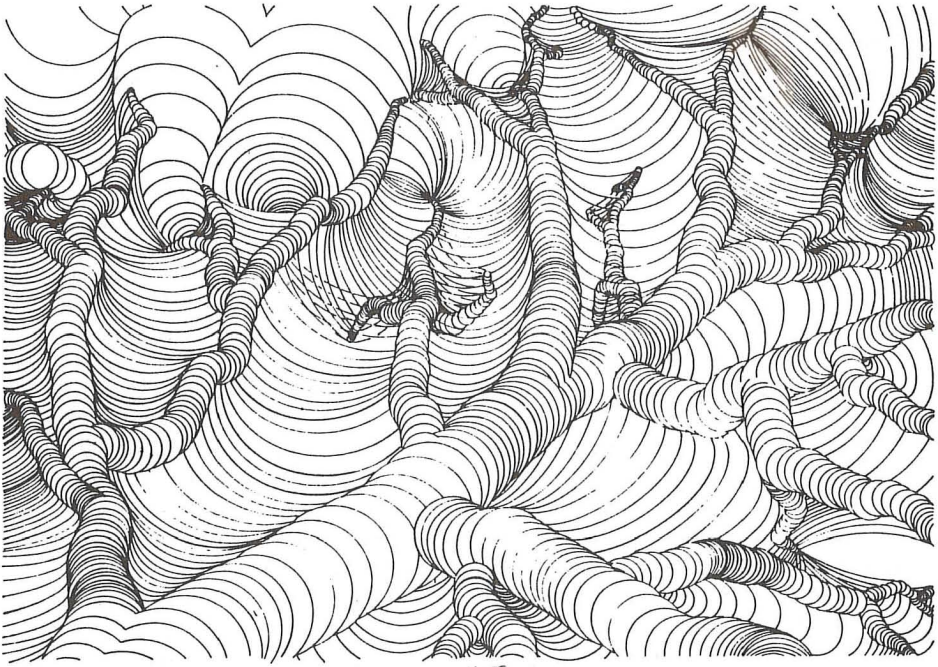
Julie's selection is based primarily upon her contributions to three successive issues of **PATTERNS**. She has continued to develop her writing skills and to inspire others with her perceptive observations of human nature, her richly imagined writing, and her meticulous care in revising and editing. In addition to her writing in English 101 and 102, Julie has taken courses in creative writing, advanced composition, and journalism. She also served as Features Editor of the ERIE SQUARE GAZETTE. Two of her articles have also been published in the TIMES HERALD. For **PATTERNS** Julie has had work published in all four genre: two personal essays were published in the 28th edition, a short story and two poems in the 29th edition, and a literary essay, a short story, and a personal essay in this edition.

Julie's favorite subjects for writing are people, especially her two young sons. She delights in their learning and being and finds in them rich sources for writing. Her family and home, both present and past, offer innumerable subjects for essays, poems, and stories. Julie lives with her husband, Greg, and their sons, Brent and Jason, in North Street, a tranquil country setting where she cultivates her love and faith and produces warm, sensitive pieces about living and loving and caring.

Her own children have also helped her realize how we all can see and respond differently to the same world. "Brent, my 10 year old, . . . is always looking skyward, at the moon, stars, and clouds. He can name and describe every planet in our solar system." Jason, who is 8, "spends time studying the ground. He wanders onto the plowed field . . . and throws clumps of dirt, watching them explode . . . and he sees the spectacular colors and patterns on a moth's wings . . . Both see what's around them; both see differently."

As the recipient of the E.B. Mathews Writing Award, Julie is honored for her continued commitment to perfecting the craft of writing and her creative talent in re-creating the world as she sees it so that others can also see. On this bridge from living and learning to observing and writing, Julie also exemplifies the ideal student Mrs. Mathews once defined as a person who wants to learn and recognizes that all learning will in some way contribute to a full and rewarding life.

Previous recipients are Steven W. Strobbe (Port Huron) - 1983; Mary JoAnn Hayes (Richmond) - 1984; Roberta A. Lueth (St. Clair) - 1985 and 1986, and Scott A. Klein (Port Huron) - 1987.



MAPLE VALLEYS
Becky West

AN OPEN LETTER TO ANYONE WHO THINKS THAT ALL POETRY READS LIKE THE GREEK LANGUAGE

Fear not! Please do not draw on past experiences to judge the poetry of English 102! Poetry, a word which strikes fear in so many minds, is such a broad genre that everyone can find selections that touch them. Poetry is not just the sonnets of William Shakespeare or the ramblings of Lord Byron. Poetry can be alive and contemporary. It can expose the daily lives, fears and dreams of people in our world. Yes, it can shed new light onto the 1980's! The contemporary poets of the last forty years do this so well. In a straight-forward, easily understood way, these poets touch our souls. They examine today's youth, expose the fears of aging, look at modern man's legacy, and probe the hard-hitting issues of today's world.

Contemporary poets have a unique way of looking at the young people of today. With modern language and images, poets like Gwendolyn Brooks and John Updike reveal failures that teenagers may face in our world. In "We Real Cool," Brooks, in an almost song-like fashion, tells of a group of high school dropouts. Everyone knows kids like these, the ones who took charge of their own lives at too early an age and decided that they knew what was best for themselves. Brooks gives us just a hint of what the future holds for these children living in a grownup world. In "Ex-basketball Player," John Updike tells the fate of a once - great high school basketball player. Here a young man places too much emphasis on sports and not enough emphasis on other aspects of school. The results are a very sorry, very realistic tale.

In our modern society that places so much emphasis on being young, all of us to some extent fear growing older and contemporary poets explore this fear at length. Again using up-to-date language and easy-to-read forms, poets Donald Hall, Sharon Olds, Sylvia Plath, and Gwendolyn Brooks, to mention a few, use their talents to unmask the fears surrounding the aging process. Hall in "My Son, My Executioner" and Olds in "35/10" examine how our own children can bring about our fear of growing older. Watching children grow and mature can cause each one of us to re-examine ourselves and explore our own aging. Seeing our own reflection can also spark that same fear. Sylvia Plath's "Mirror" contains a well-written tale told through the eyes of a mirror, and lake. Both watch as people peer into them to sadly observe their own aging. Aging in today's world is not always a pleasant experience, and Gwendolyn Brooks hits the proverbial nail on the head in her poem "The Bean Eaters." She grimly describes the life of an elderly couple who are left in their old age with little money and little hope. It's poetry like this that makes one want to jump into action to correct the injustices of this world! There is definitely nothing boring or humdrum about poetry that can cause emotions and thoughts such as these in a person of today's world.

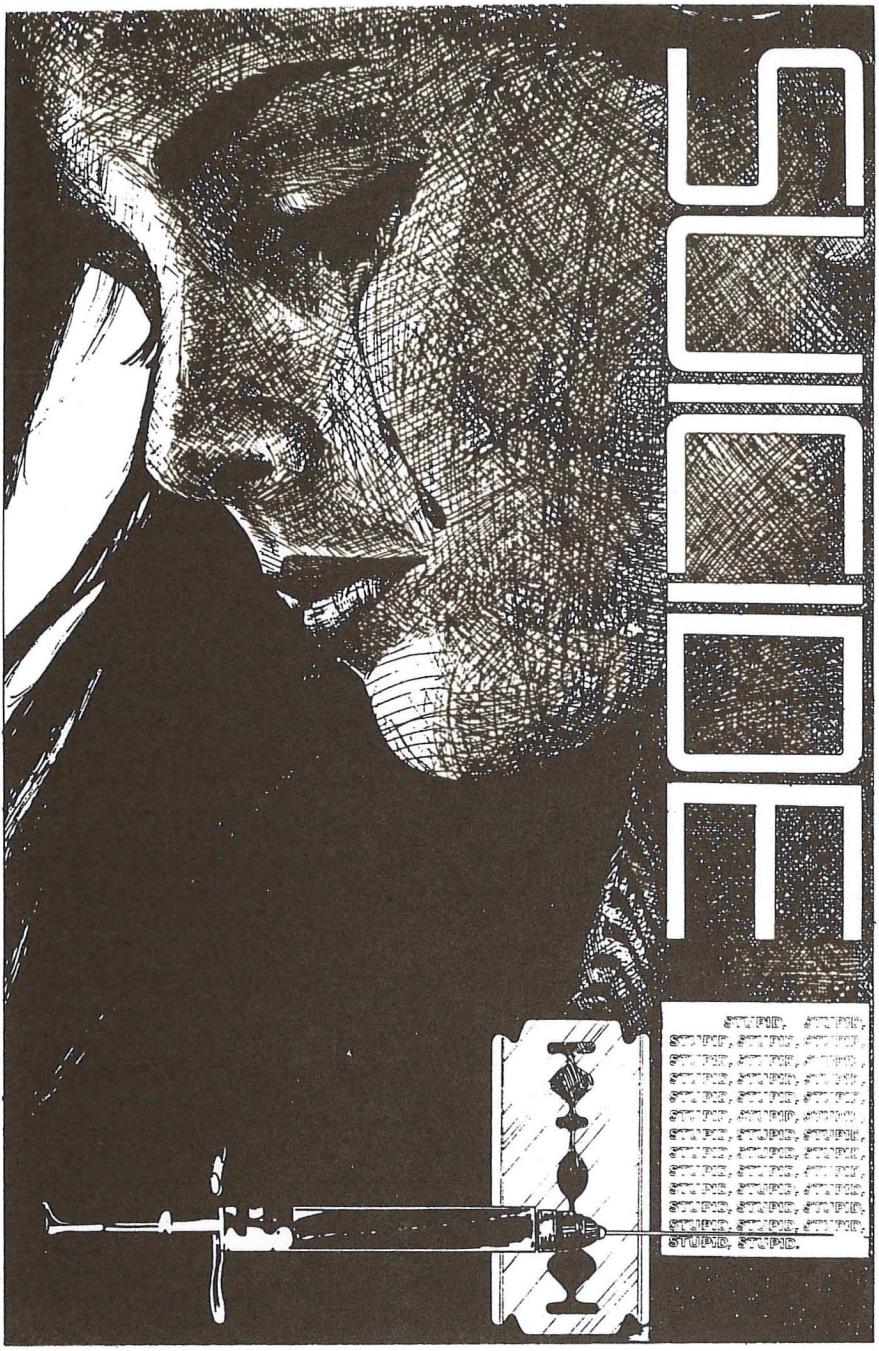
We all wonder if we are living our lives as we should and if we are making the most of them. "What do we leave behind in this world?" is a question for which we all would like to know the answer. Howard Nemerov and W.H. Auden attempt to find a few answers for us in their poetry. Auden tells an amusing but thought-provoking tale of the legacy one man leaves behind in his poem "The Unknown Citizen." All this man leaves behind is a paper trail of his life. This poem causes one to examine just what it is that is truly important in life. Similarly, Nemerov in "Life Cycle of a Common Man" explores the trail left by a man on this earth. This trail is one of consumption, not paper. Nemerov shows us what one can take from our world

without ever giving anything in return. These are poems that could cause a person to examine and even change his life, pretty powerful stuff!

Unquestionably the most exciting and thought-provoking area explored by these modern-day masters is the area of contemporary issues. In vivid and imaginative verse, these poets expose and explore the ideas and problems of our modern world in a way unlike any other. We are bombarded by media coverage of these same issues every day, but when it comes to truly causing a person to think about how they themselves feel about these issues, nothing can compare to poetry. Linda Pastan takes on the issue of women who feel as though they are not appreciated by their families in her poem "Marks." One can find this same issue being discussed on any talk show any day of the week, but it is never as eloquently expressed or deeply explored as it is in the form of poetic verse. Dudley Randall shows us a bit of the racial hatred this country has experienced in his poem, "Ballad of Birmingham." Randall remembers the bombing of a Brimingham church during the turbulent 1960's. In "The Abortion," Anne Sexton tackles a very controversial subject. Sexton definitely takes a side on this issue as she graphically examines the feelings of a woman who has made this decision. The subject of adultery is the theme of W.D. Snodgrass' poem "Leaving The Motel." Snodgrass tells of a couple and the secret that they share He makes us aware of the pain of secrecy with which these two people must deal. Adrienne Rich, a truly powerful author, writes primarily about those problems women must deal with in their lives. Rich's poem "Living in Sin" has been interpreted several ways. She writes of a couple, living in a grime-filled apartment, who are experiencing problems in their relationship. Whether they are a married couple who have fallen into the sin of rituals and are living a lie or whether they are a couple having an affair is up to each reader to discover. One of Rich's most moving poems is "Rape." Here she tells of the pain and humiliation of having been a victim of the crime of rape. The poem is one which must be experienced to be understood. It is definitely another work which calls for some kind of social action, some kind of justice. These selections are just a small sampling of the excitement that can be found when one begins to explore the world of modern poetry.

The works of these contemporary poets can truly enrich the lives of any reader. There is nothing to fear here in the pages of a literature book. Instead, there is much to learn, to see anew, to feel. The styles of the moderns impressed this author greatly, but poems are not the only forms of literature in which one can gain such experience. Short stories and all forms of drama, whether contemporary or not, hold much for the person willing to enter into a literature class with an open mind and an eager spirit. It is earnestly hoped that anyone reading this will take the advice to heart and look at poetry and literature not as a chore to be done for a class, but as a door opening into a whole new world.

Sincerely,
Anne K. Adams



DON'T DO IT
Danny Hayes

THIRD PLACE
WHAT A BUMMER

Robert Shapton

THE WINTER ROSE

Second Place Tie

by Julie Brown

Beside our porch is a small flower garden with a large bush in the back against the house and various annual plants like marigolds and petunias which dry to a dull brown when the frost hits. Among these dead plants grows a solitary rosebush. I thought it odd that this plant would survive in my garden in winter, especially since I hadn't planted the bush. Someone who lived here before us must have been fond of roses. During one particular December night, snow fell silently, covering my garden with a diamond crystal blanket. When morning came, my youngest son, Jason, ran to the kitchen window. His breath steamed a round reflection on the window pane while he squealed excitedly about the snow. He wiped away the wetness with his pajama sleeve as he stared for several minutes.

Suddenly, he spied a pink rosebud covered with glittering snow. "Oh Momma, bring it in. Bring it in so it won't be cold and lonely," he cried. I stuck my nose to the windowpane and gazed upon the most lovely rose. Its petals glistened in the morning light, and I couldn't help wondering how this flower survived when the ground and air were so cold. With scissors in hand, I carefully cut the stem, leaving the plant's roots in the frosty ground.

I brought it in to Jason, who tenderly held the green stem in his hands. "Aw, it's cold," he said. He gently kissed the pink petals which were tightly wrapped around themselves. His own pink lips matched the rosebud, both wet now from melting snow. The sweet fragrance filled the kitchen air, which made me think, "What kind of rose grows in winter?" It's so unlike the weather to have such a beautiful sign of spring. "Maybe it's a winter-rose," Jason said with a smile, his dimpled hand still stroked the flower.

Yes, a winter rose. I searched the encyclopedia for a definition when I came across something interesting. Roses in England that bloomed in the winter months were called "Christmas Roses." With that thought in mind, I put Jason's rose in a vase filed with water and set it on the kithen table. Then I took two pictures to remember it by. This rose reminded me of life which also grows from a seed only to bloom and grow like a beautiful flower. It also reminded me of the first Christmas, when our Lord came into the world, full of life like this single, winter rose. "We'll keep it forever and ever, right Mom?" he asked. I just turned my head and walked away, not wanting to tell him it would die.

Weeks passed by and the winter rose remained our centerpiece. Whenever I walked past it, I stopped to sniff the sweet aroma, which by now had faded only slightly. Then one day something strange happened. Its color changed. Unlike the pink of newborn life, it changed to a shade of lavender. Also, the texture changed: its petals crinkled like paper.

"Momma, it's a paper rose now," Jason said. "It's turned so we can keep it!" He was right, the rose transformed like magic, although its lilac color and sweet smell remained. This rose meant more to me than just a flower that bloomed in winter, and words from this small child's lips carried a message I learned long ago but didn't think about sharing. Now its meaning became clear. A message of hope, a promise for the future, a promise that we, like the winter rose, will live forever someday stuck in my

mind.

Two years have gone by, and the winter rose still rests in a crystal candy dish in my built-in china cabinet, safely out of reach of curious fingers. When visitors come over, Jason proudly slides back the heavy glass doors of the cabinet to display his keepsake. Once in awhile we flip through our photo albums and see the rose as it was: pink and hearty.

As winter seasons come and go, the rosebush still flourishes in my little garden by the porch. Yesterday, a December snow came out of the west, covering sides of trees and bushes. I looked out the kitchen window, hoping to spy another rosebud. Green leaves were bent to the ground, but no sign of a flower. Still, I won't give up hope.

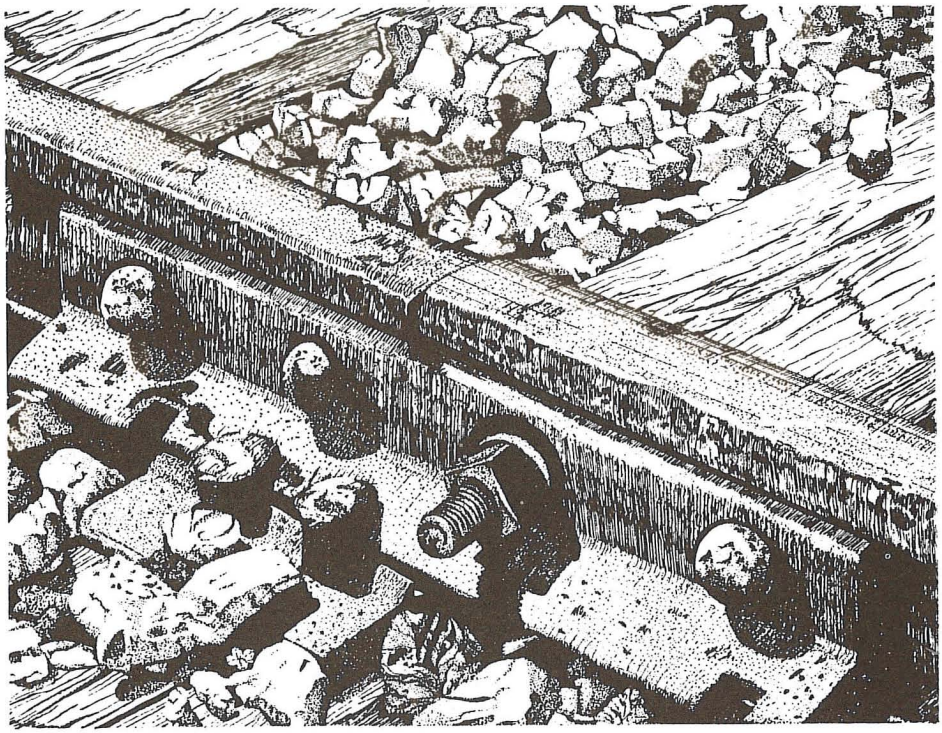
HOW THE SUN DOES FORGET HER CHILDREN

by Maura Furie

How the sun does forget her children
Buried beneath the bitter white whiskers
Of a crusty old spirit's crackly chin.
Pounding fists knock against walkers,
Claws of crystal tear through thin skin
To ravage victims of this barren night.

I wish us to rolling hills of green.
Come spring, come gently hand of light,
To touch our spirits and make it seem
The winter bite has lost his might.
So it comes, in light, as I chose,
My son, limber, dancing, a new fawn.

My babe's face the soft summer rose,
Your eyes, sparkling at me, the promise
of dawn.



END OF THE LINE
Brian Fisher

FIRST PLACE
EMPTY SPIRITS
Scott Markel

THE REUNION

First Place Tie

by Catherine O'Connor

The summer of 1969 found me in a frenzy of preparation. At the end of July I would join my husband in Hawaii after an eight-month separation. Before Roger had been stationed in Viet Nam, I couldn't remember having ever heard the name of that little Asian land. His temporary residency there, however, forced the reality of Viet Nam into the center of my focus, my life, and my entire being. I literally "lived" for news about the war. Most mornings found me camped near the mailbox, trying to look nonchalant as my eyes followed the agonizing slow movements of the mailman making his snail-like way down the street. His bulging mailbag was my Mecca, my hope, and I eyed it greedily as that postal "god" manuevered through our neighborhood.

Looking back from a 1980's perspective, my "letter lust" seems comical and slightly over-reactive, but I can assure you that at the time, that mailman had complete control over my happiness. If he indeed harbored one of those precious letters, he brought untold ecstasy into my life. If, on the other hand, he walked past our driveway with a shrug and a sheepish smile, I hated the very sight of that "infidel" and wished upon him every evil that an eighteen-year-old disappointed heart could imagine. He was my chief emissary of personal news from the front, though there were certainly others.

I can recall many tense moments sitting before the television set with my mother- and father-in-law, with whom I lived, waiting with breath held for the latest news from Viet Nam. The newspaper was also a source of information about the far-east struggle, and therefore, Roger. We alternately hoped and dreaded; we rode an emotional roller-coaster that could leave us sighing in relief or fretting in despair. It was a very difficult time, but we encouraged one another and tried not to think about what we feared most. Our constant nightmare every time the doorbell rang was that a man in uniform would be standing on the porch looking uneasy. Only those who have also been left behind during war can truly understand the constant agony of not knowing.

An especially difficult moment was the morning of January 1, 1969, when we saw Roger off on his plane. Terrified and eight months pregnant, I humiliated myself by clinging to him and sobbing. Now, over half a year later and anticipating our week-long reunion in Hawaii, I promised myself that I would be sophisticated and dignified. I would keep my wayward emotions firmly in check and greet my husband happily, albeit subdued. He would be amazed at my maturity. I was wholly determined to avoid any overemotional scenes and, thus assured of my confidence, I embarked on my journey.

After tearfully kissing my six-month-old daughter good-bye, I settled down in my seat and prepared to enjoy my first airplane trip. When I discovered that I had survived the take-off, I opened my eyes and confidently surveyed my surroundings. To my delight, I found that the girl seated next to me was also a soldier's wife on her way to Hawaii, and so the trip passed happily. We became fast friends and exchanged names and addresses, promising to keep in touch, which of course, we

didn't. Deplaning in Honolulu, we hugged each other and went to our prospective hotels.

How can I describe the beauty of Hawaii? It was, simply put, paradise. What a beautiful setting for a romantic reunion! Drugged with the exotic lushness of the island, I quickly unpacked and decided to inspect the beach. Buoyed by happiness, I babbled to everyone who smiled at me about my impending meeting with my husband. Being a naturally polite people the Hawaiians and Japanese listened reverently to my excited chatter and nodded and smiled. I don't believe that half of them could speak English, but my radiance and excitement was contagious and needed no interpreter. I was young and in love and would soon see my husband, and the bell-boys, waitresses, and native beach-goers rejoiced with me.

Back in my room and stir-crazy with impatience, I tried to lie down and relax before having to leave for the army base where I would meet the plane from Viet Nam. Three hours later I awoke and was horrified to find that I had overslept. I had only forty-five minutes to make myself stunning and get to the base. Severely limited by time, I settled for slightly sexy and sped off in a taxi, suddenly a believer in my mother's adage that I would be late for my own funeral.

At the army base, I easily found the reception building where we were to be reunited with our husbands. Crowded into an airless room, together with some two-hundred or so other army wives, I struggled to catch my breath and concentrate on the speaker. An officer was lecturing my group on how to effectively greet an anxious and sex-starved soldier. I giggled nervously with the other wives as the big, friendly lieutenant went through his comic routine geared to putting two-hundred nervous women at ease.

Though we chattered mindlessly about trivia, the tension in the room was escalating to an unbearable pitch. Finally, the arrival of the long-awaited plane was announced. There was a collective gasp as the door in the center of the room opened, and the first soldier entered and frantically scanned the group. A young, blonde woman broke from the crowd as she recognized her husband. As she raced toward him, he dropped his bag, grinned and opened his arms to catch her. "How emotional," I whispered to my nearest neighbor, who nodded in agreement. "I will certainly conduct myself with more decorum," I thought sagely. I remembered my vow of dignity and quickly reaffirmed it. The emotional scene of the first reunion was repeated again and again with increasing fervor until there were only a few wives standing alone.

I began to experience acute discomfort. Fighting down panic, I wondered if Roger had missed the plane, or worse, if he had been physically unable to make the trip. My imagination soared out of control, and I was having great difficulty breathing. Struggling for composure, I turned imploringly toward the lieutenant, but he was staring at the door. I turned slowly to look, and then I saw Roger. My mind eventually registered the reality of his presence and I did three things. I screamed. I dropped my purse, and I ran across the room. Dignity could wait, I thought as I threw myself into his arms. Today, there is joy.

Author's note:

After reading the above account of my emotional instability, you might be thinking that I would have eventually learned self-control. Not necessarily.

Roger did indeed survive the horrors of war and returned home safely. Let me describe for you his homecoming. It was February 27, 1970, and I had been told that he would arrive home later in the afternoon. My now thirteen-month-old daughter woke me at 6:00 a.m. that February morning almost twenty years ago. I

stumbled out of bed and descended the stairs with her propped on my hip. A few minutes later, about to reclimb the stairs and re-enter my bed with the early riser effectively silenced by a full bottle, I heard the doorbell sound.

Aggravated, and wondering what kind of insanity would move someone to visit at 6 a.m., I yanked open the front door. There, to my shock, stood Roger, some six hours early. Numb with disbelief, I promptly slammed the door in his face. I'll never forget the wonderful ring of his laughter on the other side of the door. "Open up!" he laughed, "I'm home for good!" "But I'm not ready!" I wailed, as I turned and rushed past my open-mouthed in-laws. Dignity had lost again.

EPIGRAMS

by Sean R. Kenny

In man and nature, love and death,
A poet must be versed.
By writing of the other three,
He seeks to know the first.

Nature gives, then takes from man
The light soon after waking.
But from first dawn, she gives us love,
To make up for the taking.

Love and death, man's nature true,
Though fools their hold deny.
The strong might flee from love's caress
Yet still the lonesome die.

THE MADWOMAN OF MAYFLOWER STREET

First Place Honors

by Diane Ramey

She became aware of sounds from outside her bedroom window. "It must be morning," she thought. She sensed through her closed eyelids the light filtering in through the window shade, felt the slight stirring of the warm humid air through the square of light at the bottom of the window where the screen was. She didn't open her eyes. "Best not to. Maybe I'll drift off again, get some of the sleep I missed out on last night," she thought.

She could hear again in her mind the sounds of the night just past. The noise that passed for music these days! Loud rumbling sounds and high screeching wails. She could feel it as well as hear it. The language they used made her shudder. The neighbors had congregated on the front porch of the house to the south of her for their party, escaping the stuffiness of the old decaying apartments. It seemed unnatural to call it a party. Parties were special, occasional get-togethers. What had happened last night was habitual.

Millie was seventy-five this year. She and Tuck had moved into this very house on Mayflower Street, with the three boys in 1946, just after the war. They'd had just enough for the downpayment. She'd thought it was an old house then. But that was forty years ago, and it was still standing. "A good solid house it was, and still is, though it needs a bit of work," she'd say. But the neighborhood around it was falling apart. All her old friends and acquaintances had sold out and gone south or to smaller homes or "senior" apartment complexes. Millie's house was the only one left that hadn't been turned into cramped apartments.

The entire street was quiet now except for the sound of the birds and one small dog, barking her shrill bark at the birds or a cat or nothing at all. Millie would feed the dog when she got up. The owners didn't take very good care of her.

Many of the surrounding tenants were young, all were unemployed. Millie got angry sometimes, thinking about them. She and Tuck had worked hard to get their own home, send their kids to school, paid their own way, while these loafers sat at home waiting for their checks from the government. Tucker Rowan had been a janitor, custodian they would call it today, worked at the paper mill and finally repaired appliances for the last twenty years of his life.

Millie thought of him now as she tried not to wake up. He'd been gone for ten years. She still missed him: felt the emptiness in the bed beside her. She was alone now. Their three boys were scattered about the state, living their own lives.

She heard the soft *pffft pffft pffft* of the cat's paws on the carpet as old Tom came in to nuzzle and tickle her awake, to lure her out of bed and downstairs to the kitchen where she would open his can of food and feed him breakfast. She began wiggling her toes under the soft cotton sheet. Tom wasn't too old to rise to this bait. He lunged and swatted the white protrusion. She was awake now.

She opened her eyes and glanced at the ticking clock beside the bed. Ten after five. Too early. But she was already awake. Too late to go back now. "May as well get started on the day, eh Tom?" she said to the big yellow cat. He ran ahead of her down the stairs, stopping every few steps to look back and urge her on.

In the kitchen she fed the cat in his dish, fed the dog, Mutt, in his dish, gave them

both water, then put on the coffee and began peeling an orange for herself. She wandered into the living room, sectioning and eating the orange, and looked out the front window at the yard. Several beer cans, lots of cigarette butts, a potato chip bag, even an old shirt littered her lawn and driveway. She felt the anger swelling in her chest. Invasion! An invasion of her once quiet respectable neighborhood by lazy, no-good bums and an invasion of her own property by their refuse. She knew that if she didn't pick it up, it would not be picked up. It lay in their own yards, or rather their landlord's yards, like sad confetti. She resented having to clean up after those who wouldn't clean up after themselves.

She moved her cumbrous frame slowly back to the kitchen. She knew the scrambled eggs and toast with butter and jam that she would prepare would not please her doctor. He'd been after her to lose some weight, lower her cholesterol intake, but what pleasure would that leave her? She offered a few bites to Tom and Mutt, rationalizing the loss of calories through their portions. "A sort of low calorie breakfast," she thought.

She looked out the window at the driveway next door as she heard a loud car pull in. There were three of them in the car. The one on her side, the passenger's side, rolled his long frame out of the car. He wore only jeans and workboots and a baseball cap, a red bandana hung out of his back pocket and a cigarette out of the side of his mouth. He looked dirty. He slung the empty beer can in his hand over the fence into her yard.

"Hey!" she yelled from her open kitchen window. "Don't you know I have to clean that up? I have enough work to do without having to do your work, too. Why can't you throw it in the trash can in your house?"

"Ah, buzz off, bitch!"

"You ain't got nothin' else to do. It's good exercise for your tired old bones. Go pick it up," another one said.

"Hey, lady! Look."

She looked at the one who had slithered from the back seat of the beat-up old car. He was standing at the chain link fence separating the two yards, facing her, urinating on her grass.

"You can clean this up, too." A chorus of raucous laughter broke out from the three young men.

It was always like this. She didn't know why she tried anymore. Why did she say anything to them? They were always boisterous and smutty, saying things to her no one had ever said before. She had been taught to treat the elderly with respect. Obviously, something had been lacking in their education, she thought. But at least someone responded to her.

She backed away from the window shaking her head in disbelief and embarrassment. She felt a fool and that made her angry. "He's the one ought to feel a fool," she said aloud.

She walked slowly upstairs, made her bed, then went into the bathroom to wash and dress. She was still surprised to see the wiry gray hair above the parched wrinkled face staring back at her from the mirror. If she had not seen her reflection, she would be able to convince herself that she must rouse the boys, get their breakfast, wash their clothes, correct their manners, help with their homework. It really did seem like only yesterday. But no use dwelling on it. There were things to be done.

Dressed now, she began her day's work. She washed her breakfast dishes, straightened the kitchen, swept the floor and the landing down to the grade door. She vacuumed the carpets in the living and dining rooms and dusted the furniture.

Everything took longer than it used to. The vacuum cleaner was heavier, the floor farther down and so much harder to her knees when she knelt down to clean or pick up something she'd dropped. And she always seemed to drop something. Tuck had said, "Before you get down there, you have to have a plan." He said it as a joke, but now she planned. If she dropped her dust rag in the middle of the room, she would nudge it towards the couch, bend, reach, and use the couch to push herself back up.

Out on the front porch now, with broom, dustpan and plastic garbage bag, she felt the heat settle around her. It was nearing ten o'clock, but already she could feel the heaviness. Oppressive. "I'm glad I'm getting this work out of the way early," she said aloud to Tom who had come out with her and was perched on the railing.

She picked up the cans, shirt and cirgarette butts and placed them in the bag. She walked slowly up and down the sidewalk in front of her house, sweeping the broom from side to side. She liked the yard to be neat. As she bent over to pull weeds from the few flowers she had planted by the porch, she heard a door slam at the house next door to the north. Then a radio was turned on. It was loud and the noise jarring. Tom jumped from the railing and ran across the yard. "Lucky you can get away," she said to the back end of him running down the sidewalk.

She went on with the weeding and sweeping. She finished one side of the yard and went to the other, the side where the music was. She peered at the porch, saw a young woman sitting with her foot propped up on the railing.

"Can you turn it down?" She'd had to shout.

The young woman looked crossly at her, reached for the volume knob and turned it. "Oh jeez!" she said petulantly. "You just think you own the whole neighborhood, don't you? Well, you don't and I got a right to listen to my music any ol' way I want to, you old biddy!" She flicked the knob up again.

Millie went into the house. She'd called the police before. Many times. They even recognized her voice now, before she gave her name. "The police never did any good. They just turn it right back up again after the patrol car leaves." She muttered this to Mutt who lay sprawled under the dining room table, not seeming to care about all the noise.

She descended the basement stairs carefully, one step at a time. She would run her meager wash through the machine. She needed to check her supply of canned goods while she was down here. "Pinch every penny," she muttered to herself as she stood in front of the shelf that held the cans. A meager check came the first of every month out of which she paid for food, utilities, upkeep on her house. Thinking of that sum made her feel insecure, at risk. Looking at the supply of food in her basement eased that feeling. She could hold out under siege for several weeks on what she had stored here. She snorted "Silly old woman. You've been watching too much T.V. Who would put this old house under siege?"

She puttered, making a mental note of what was needed at the grocery store, swept the dust from the floor, checked the water pipes. It was cool in the basement. The sounds from outside barely penetrated these depths. She sat on a kitchen chair, long ago discarded, but it still held her. She looked around her at the cast-offs of her family. Boxes that lined a portion of one wall held the boys' school papers and mementoes of their younger lives. And of Millie's too.

An old bicycle, rusted and dirty, stood in the corner next to snow shovels, an ice pick, a bucket filled with salt. She thought about how different bicycles looked way back in the '50's when that one was bought brand new for her youngest boy's birthday. She smiled now, remembering. His whole body had quivered with joy, as

though he would burst into countless pieces before he even took his first ride. It was silver, trimmed in red, with big wide tires and a basket on the front to carry his treasures. It was just like the ones his big brothers had. She missed all of them.

She looked to her left, at Tuck's work bench. She had never cleared it off, sorted the tools or disposed of anything. She supposed she should have long before this. But that would be too definite, too final. She snorted again at herself. "Too final. Ten years isn't enough to make it final?"

Finally, the washer stopped and she lugged the basket up the stairs and out to the yard to the clothesline. She still could not resist the smell of line-dried clothes, even though hanging them out made extra work for her. The radio still blared.

She ate her lunch, a tuna sandwich with lots of mayonnaise and a lemonade, thinking of how the neighborhood used to be. The lawns were kept short and neat, except for the bicycles, tricycles, wagons and doll carriages being used by the many children. The sounds then were of mothers calling to their boys or girls, or to each other to come down for a coffee, and of the little ones shouting at each other, sometimes in anger, usually in play. The fathers came home late in the afternoon, pulling in the driveways to more shouts from kids happy to see their daddies. Those were the noises then. No blaring music. No obscenities. A little boy might pee in the flower garden to show his prowess, but nothing compared to what Millie had seen today.

She got angrier as she ate. The heat had engulfed her as she rose from the basement before lunch, and it still sat on her, weighing her down so that she wanted to shout at it to get off. "Get off of me," she mumbled, waving her arms. Mutt looked up from under the table, wondering if he was being summoned. He put his head down again. She wasn't looking at him.

She walked to the refrigerator for more ice for her lemonade, leaning against the cool metal, her head soaking up the cool air from the freezer. She remembered sitting on her front porch thirty years ago, watching her sons play, drinking the same lemonade, sharing it and cookies with the boys and their friends. A gallon of the puckery, sweet juice would be gone in an afternoon.

She took the cool wet glass now to her front porch and sat down on the lawn chair. She held her glass to feel the chilly calmness of it, rather than set it on the small metal table next to her chair. The chair was a gift from her oldest son after the chains that held the wooden swing to the roof would no longer grip in the old decaying wood of the porch ceiling. The chair rocked and would have seemed very comfortable on another day, with less heat and noise.

She watched two little boys, one clad only in diapers, play across the street. The older one peddled his tricycle furiously down the driveway picking his feet up and letting it race down the incline to the street. He laughed from his belly, in delight at the sensation of speed. The smaller one paddled after on his little chubby legs, his diaper drooping, both of them going into the street. The tiny one threw stones at his older brother, laughing, not knowing the danger of the street or the stones. Millie had talked to their mother before and knew that she hadn't liked Millie's interference. So today she just watched.

She heard the lyrics of the song from the radio on the north side of her house. Suicide. That's what this song was about. "Suicide, sex and drugs," she thought. "What ever happened to Daisy?" She began to hum the old song she'd heard as a girl. The other song from the radio next door wove in and out of her tune making her lose track of where the notes were. The heat was stifling. Steam seemed to rise from the radio next door and float across to her, clogging her lungs, hindering her breathing.

The sun, coming from behind the houses now, left the porches in shade though still stifling. It lit the patch of brown grass and broken sidewalk between the two houses, separating them with a barrier of bright light. On the porch to the north sat two young women on a couch discarded by the previous tenants. It was a floral print, Millie thought, but so dirty and worn it was hard to tell. The radio sat on the railing that faced Millie's house. On the railing opposite the two women sat a young man, hair to his shoulders, a cigarette in his hand, a can in the other. Their laughter sometimes rose above the sound of the music.

She watched them, wondering what they had to laugh about on such a miserable day. All three of them looked dirty and disheveled. They were all home in the middle of the day so they must not have jobs to go to. What was there to laugh about?

On the porch to the north of Millie sat the same young man who had urinated on her lawn that morning. He wore jeans, no shirt, and sat on a kitchen chair perched precariously on the back legs, the front legs waving up and down to the rhythm of his rocking. His face looked solemn with no trace of the swaggering bravado of the morning. He sat smoking a cigarette, the ash tray on his lap, thinking of the two hours he'd spent that morning explaining to the unemployment office why he should be paid unemployment benefits even though he'd been fired from his last job. The boss hadn't liked him. Just because he'd been late a few times. Without that money, his girlfriend and their little baby would have to go back to her parents' house to live. He could hear her dad yelling at him to keep it zipped up if he couldn't pay for the consequences. He was looking for relief from the sweltering heat and the oppressive weight on his shoulders but finding none.

Millie also sought relief. She rose from her chair, set the glass down on the table and went into the house. In the cabinet that held her mother's silver and china, inside the soup tureen, lay a pistol. Tuck had kept it for protection. A .38 caliber revolver. She felt its weight as she lifted it out, saw the dull silver of the barrel, the wood on the butt. She'd never used it in years, not since Tuck had taught her how to use it. "That must be at least twenty years ago," she thought.

She took six bullets from the box in the tureen and began to load the gun. One silver bullet slid neatly into each cylinder of the gun. She pushed the mechanism closed again thinking, "I knew watching all those westerns with the boys would come in handy." She drew back the metal lever above the butt to cock the gun.

Out on the porch she stood by the railing where she could see the radio on the neighbor's porch clearly. She raised her arms, holding the gun with both hands to steady the aim. She squeezed the trigger carefully, just as Tuck had taught her.

The sharp crack of the gun felt like a fist slamming painlessly into her arm. She had missed the radio. The raucous music continued to blare accompanied now by screams from the three on the porch. After a moment of stunned disbelief, the two women on the couch ran for cover, one dropping to the floor of the porch, the other scurrying inside. "She's crazy! She's going to kill us!" one shouted. Millie was only vaguely aware of them, saving all her energy for aiming once again.

On the other side of her house, to the south, the young man on that porch watched. He heard the explosion. He leaped from his chair, dropping the ash tray from his lap, the chair sprawling behind him. "The lady's goin' berserk!" he shouted. "She can't do that to my friends. She has no right!" And he ran to the glove box of his car.

Millie pulled the trigger again. She saw the radio burst into a myriad of pieces. She sighed, feeling cooler. "Peace and quiet at last. It won't bother me again," she thought. She was tempted to ostentatiously blow smoke from the end of the barrel,

then twirl the gun on her finger into an imaginary holster at her hip, but resisted.

The young man had reached his car, opened his glove box and was prepared to defend his friends, the entire neighborhood if necessary. Several explosions sounded from the south side of Millie's house. One of them hit its mark. It slammed into the back of Millie's head. The young man who had saved his friends stood poised still with a gun in his hand. With his face set hard and tight, he blew imaginary smoke from the end of the barrel.

No one moved. Everyone attempted to digest the last sixty seconds. A radio lay scattered and destroyed around the porch at the north side of Millie's house. Millie lay scattered and destroyed on her own porch. The young man stood proudly, his bravado restored, in the driveway next to Millie's house. The only sounds were the loud blaring music from the radio on the other side of Millie's house and, in the distance, a police siren.

POVERTY

Martha Dandron

DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER THIRTY

by Marlene Taylor

It's hard to wake
And find you're obsolete,
To watch yourself become
The thing you hate.
The terror of
Iconoclastic youth
Has come to pass;
And I am unprepared.
Bell-bottom jeans
Are relics now,
Though once
Symbols of
Non-violence:
Touch this embroidery
And cure your ills.
They turn away--
Suppressing sneers
At beads and soft guitars.
Dying a slow death
Of dinosaurs,
I try to warm myself
Before their fire.
They will not
Let me near;
They shoulder guns
And run,
Too far to hear.

SAFARI
Nicole Zalut

HINGES

Second Place Honors

by Diane Ramey

Emily sat across from her therapist, afraid to look at him. Meeting his eyes would be like opening the door of a long-closed ancient Egyptian burial chamber. Exposure to air would destroy everything, the important relics as well as those of no consequence. Once the tomb was opened, it would be too late to close it again; no way to decide what to keep, what to turn to dust.

She studied the door to the hall outside the office, the black line where the door fit snugly into the frame, not quite touching it. The door was a heavy wooden one with ornate brass hinges that held it firmly as it swung, straight and free, as she passed through it.

She had looked at people before. They had looked at her. They never seemed to know that they weren't seeing **her.** There was a thick invisible veil pulled over her eyes to prevent intrusion. Always, she held back.

She had friends who thought they were important to her. They served a purpose, she supposed. Sometimes they eased the pain, the loneliness. They were bodies to have a drink with, go to a movie with, have sex with, live with, marry. But they never pierced that veil. They would hug her, say they loved her and she would say she loved them too, and think she meant it. Maybe she did.

There were the children. Two of them. She hugged them, fed and dressed them, sent them to school, went to conferences. She would be sad if they were gone. She wouldn't have anything to do.

How did she get this way? She began to remember:

Parties. Boisterous laughing people at her house. Everyone was happy though they smelled strange. She didn't know what made the smell. Everyone drank from bottles and glasses. She couldn't have any. She was too young her father said. Sometimes people would talk to her. They would laugh at the things she said, punch a friend and say, "Listen to this. Listen to what she just said." She would say it again, trying to impress them with her three-year-old knowledge. She felt warm and good having many grown-ups looking and listening to her. Then they would all laugh, poke each other, snicker, tell stories of their own children, or nieces or nephews. She would wonder what was funny, why it never felt quite as good as she thought it should. She could walk away then, and no one would notice that she wasn't there anymore. Had she ever really been there?

Her mother had a job. She left for the factory early in the morning. Emily had to stay in bed until her father woke up. He was laid-off. She didn't know what that meant except that instead of going away in the morning, like her mother, he stayed home with Emily.

He would dress her and give her a bowl of cereal; then they would go to the tavern. Emily liked the walks. She would shuffle through the golden, red and brown crunchy leaves in fall, breathing in the musty fragrance. In winter her father would sometimes pull her on the sled. She liked that best of all. She would try to discover the curb under the new snow before she felt the bump of the sled as it galumped over it. She held tight and listened to the squeaky crunch of the metal runners on the cold snow.

At the tavern, her father would carry her in, telling her to be quiet and not talk unless someone spoke to her. He'd told her that little girls weren't supposed to be in bars but that it would be OK once in awhile. She felt guilty being there, as if her very presence endangered her father. Sometimes the men there would talk to her, pat her on the head, say things like, "What a pretty little girl." or "Your dad is sure lucky to have such a fine looking little lady with him." Their voices sounded wrong, blurry. She thought she could talk better than some of them. Their smiles were wide and crooked on their faces, eyes glistening. They were frightening rather than comforting.

They would make jokes about things she didn't understand, then laugh over her head, sometimes glancing at her to see whether she understood. She felt confused by their laughter. She wanted to join in and be friendly. Sometimes she would giggle even though she didn't know what was funny but that just made them laugh harder, turning away like they were embarrassed. "Am I really here?" she used to think. "Do they know I feel awful and hot inside when they do that?"

She would sit at the table, smelling the beer and smoke, while her father would talk to someone at the bar. Sometimes it would be a man, sometimes a woman. If it was a woman, they would talk in low tones so Emily could not hear. The woman would giggle at things her father said just like Emily would giggle when he tickled her. Just like her mother would giggle when she was in her father's arms and he was whispering in her ear, nibbling at her neck.

Someone would bring over a bag of potato chips and a glass of pop for Emily. She liked the crackle of the chips in her mouth. It sometimes drowned out the voices around her. She would imagine then that she was at home, playing with her dolls, cuddling them, putting them to bed, giving them a bottle. She could almost feel like she was really there and not at the tavern.

One day a little black dog wandered in when a patron lingered at the open door. The dog pranced in smiling, wagging his tail. Jim, a regular and friend of her father's, scooped up the dog and held it. The dog wiggled and licked Jim's face, squealing his delight at the attention, the strokes on his back, the rubbing of his ears. Someone put the dog on a table and fed it a bag of potato chips, one by one.

After that she would sometimes imagine herself a little dog, running, scampering in the snow, being hugged and stroked and rubbed. She especially liked to eat her chips, one by one, pretending that someone was feeding them to her.

When Emily's mother would come home from work, she would get angry and yell at Emily's father. Nothing had been done around the house all day. The dishes were still in the sink, the floor wasn't swept, the laundry was still in the hamper. "You could do some of that, you know!" she would scream.

"That's not my job," he would scream back. "I was out looking for a job all day. Ask Emily. She'll tell you."

Emily didn't know why her father said that. The fighting would go on, getting louder, her mother beginning to cry. Emily would cry then, too. Her mother would pick her up, both of them crying, but her mother would continue to yell. Then Emily could feel the sound vibrating from her mother to her as she was held over her mother's shoulder. She was afraid of both of them. Most of all, she wanted her mother to stop crying.

When Emily was older and in school, her father wouldn't take her in the tavern anymore. He said she made too much noise and was too noticeable. So he would tell her to wait outside while he went in for just a quick one. She used to pretend that she wasn't there when people would go by and look at her. She would stare down at her feet, wriggling her toes to keep them warm.

She didn't want to go with her father but her mother told her to go. "Go with him. He'll come back sooner if you go with him," she'd say. Most of the time he would come right home. He would run the errand, pay the bill or get something from the store, have one "quick one" at the tavern and go right home.

In February the year Emily was seven, he didn't come right out of the tavern. She knew it was February because she remembered planning, as she stood waiting for him, which Valentine she would give to each of her classmates. She and her mother had purchased them just the day before, and Emily was anxious to get home to sort and sign them.

There was a very special boy in her class, and she wanted a very special Valentine for him but knew she must be very careful not to make it too special or the kids would tease. Her stomach rippled beneath her ribs as she thought about the special card. A sensation shot through her, nearly exploding her chest, making her want to shout the special boy's name.

These thoughts kept her warm and occupied while she waited. But soon her toes began to tell her that she was cold. They bit at her inside her boots. She began to wonder when her father would come out. A bearded old man shuffled by her on his way into the tavern. He wiggled his finger under her chin and said, "Hi, cutie!" She pulled her chin away but smiled as if in consolation, then put her head down.

The snow, a few days old, was packed down hard in front of the tavern. Some had turned to ice and sat now in silver-gray hills and whorls where shoes and boots had made their impression. She studied them, imagining they were mountains and she a skier rushing down each slope. She tried to match the feeling of choosing that special card with the exact time of her descent down the imaginary mountain.

Someone else went into the tavern. She tried to see in, when the door opened, to where her father might be. Maybe she would wave to him to remind him that he was to come home. But the light inside was very dim: like looking into a tunnel and only seeing the first few feet of it. There was no one in the seats she could see, those close to the door. Farther back it was dark.

Her fingers were cold now. She pulled her hands out of their mittens and looked at them. She breathed hot breath on them, put the mittens back on keeping her thumbs with the other fingers, curling them into a fist, close to each other for warmth.

There were more people going by now, as if in a rush to get home. She watched the boots, brown, black, short, high, with fur, without fur, moving forward, toward something. One pair of small red ones hurried beside a pair of black ones, high-heeled. She looked up the legs of the red boots to the blue corduroy pants above and the red coat, the sleeve with a mitten at the end engulfed in a bigger, stronger glove, a glove that belonged to the black high-heeled boots. They were hurrying on together, holding fast to each other.

Emily's eyes began to burn. She couldn't see very well; everything was blurry. A tear spilled over and ran down her cheek, feeling warm as it went but leaving a cold track on her face. She wiped it away with her mittened hand and took deep breaths to stop the flow. She couldn't cry now. Everyone would look at her. Her father would be angry with her for causing a fuss.

The street lights were on now, and the sky was a dark gray. She thought about walking home by herself to get her mother, but she was afraid. It was getting so dark. She wasn't sure she knew the way.

When the sky had turned from dark gray to darker gray to black, her father came out the door. She rushed to him and thrust her arms around his waist. "I was afraid, Daddy, I was afraid."

He stopped abruptly at her touch, looking down surprised. "Oh." His voice was flat as though something had crushed any emotion he might have felt. "I'm sorry. I forgot."

"That was all he said."

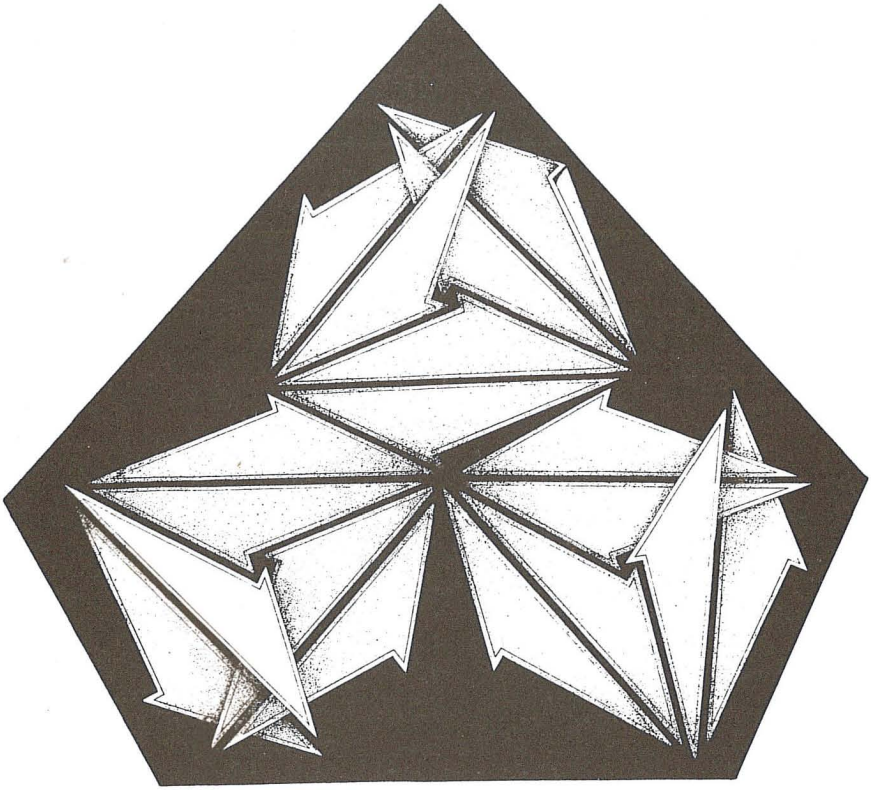
She became aware that she bad been speaking. She heard her last few words echo in the room. She looked up, surprised to see someone with her. Her therapist sat, his eyes intent upon her. She blinked, then looked quickly away, back to the black line between door and frame. To the shining brass hinges.

"Hinges."

He looked at her quizzically. "I'm sorry," he said. "Did you say hinges?"

"Yes," she said, her eyes meeting his. "Hinges. I need to make my own hinges."

She began to cry. Cry for connections that were never made. For hinges that never held a door strong and straight. For separations that hadn't been completed. The well of her tears was deep.



NEW BEGINNINGS
Kathleen Agee

UNEQUAL STATUS

Second Place Tie

by Mark Spencer

The role of women throughout the history of mankind has always been one of subjugation to the wishes and desires of men. Women have been regarded by men as an object, a treasure, a piece of property to be displayed to their friends, something to be used and then discarded. At times, women have been placed on a pedestal, but only for their beauty and physical attributes, never for their ability to think and reason. For centuries, men thought the only proper role for women was to be barefoot and pregnant; women were seen simply as a means of propagating the survival of the human species and enhancing the stature and reputation of their male companions. Unfortunately, because of a lack of self-confidence and role models, and a means of financial support, women were forced to accept their role in life without complaining.

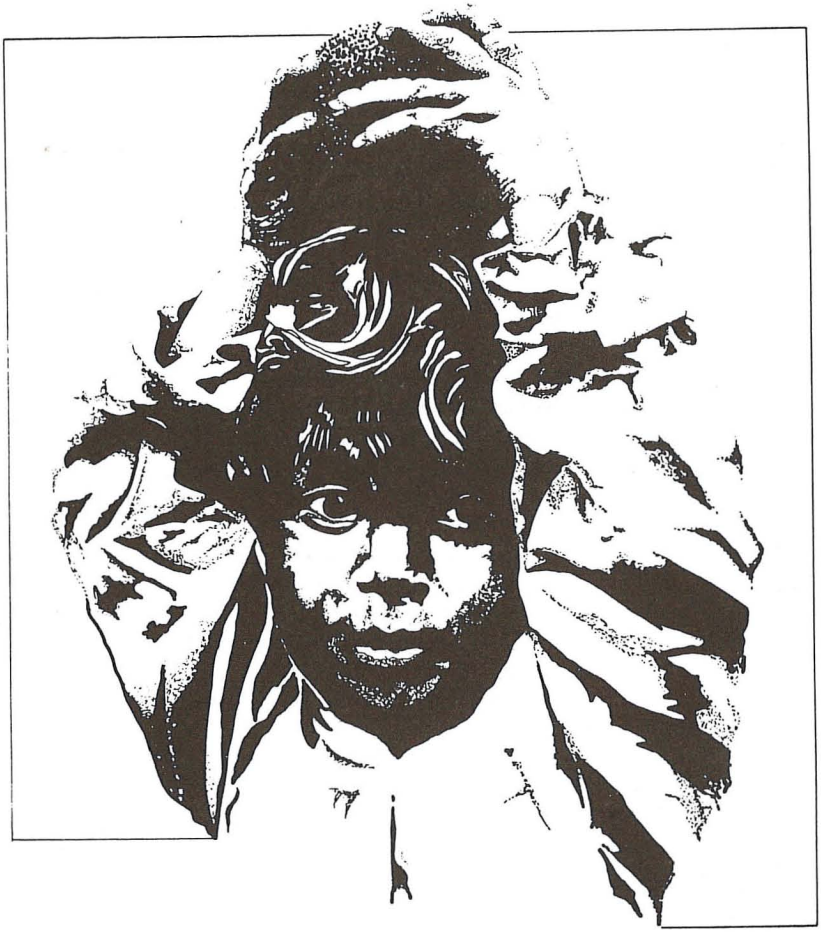
The traditional role of women was widely represented by the feminine characters presented in **Beowulf** and **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.** In these stories, women were characterized as simple people with no substance, helpless individuals who needed the protection of men. They were displayed as ornamental decorations used to further the reputations of the heroes in the stories; their main purpose was to be seen but not heard.

In **Beowulf**, women were seldom allowed to enter into the story except as minor characters. They were featured as sleeping partners for men, waitresses serving drinks in the Heorot Hall, decorations for their king, and as peace offerings in marriage to rulers of countries with which they were at war, as in the case of Hildeburh, daughter of Hoc, king of the Danes, who was forced to marry Finn, king of the Jutes. The women in **Beowulf** were treated as possessions, something to be used or displayed.

The story of **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight** presented a slightly different view of women. This tale attempted also to show that women are not to be trusted when a man's honor is on the line. Women were portrayed as beautiful sirens who were capable of great deceit and deception and willing to use their worldly charms to seduce and destroy men with their belief in duties. In the story, Lady Bercilak, a lovely married woman, tried to seduce Sir Gawain and deter him from completing his mission of meeting the Green Knight. Women were displayed as delicate objects that must be handled with extreme caution and cleverness, or else a dreadful fate would befall an unsuspecting individual.

The portrayal of women in early English literature was based entirely on the whims and desires of men. Women were usually depicted as shallow and fragile creatures who were dependent upon men for their protection and survival. Women were pictured as incapable of making their own decisions or taking care of themselves. They were thought of as possessions, objects that could be manipulated by men for their personal benefit. Women were not honored for who they were, but only for what they could provide a man in the furthering of his personal reputation in the eyes of his fellow men.

This second-class citizenship accorded to women has not been limited only to ancient times but has been passed along to future generations up to and including today's generation. Although modern day women have been given slightly higher status and recognition in many places of the world, they are still regarded as inferiors.



JIMMY'S TURN
Nicole Zalut

ON VIEWING "AMERICAN GOTHIC"

First Place Honors

by Marlene Taylor

He plants his pitchfork
Firmly in front of him —
Symbol of his livelihood,
His worth.
She stands, disgruntled,
Biblically behind.
Yet she is sharper than
Any implement he has wielded
In fifty years of farming.
Spent, bitter, she looks
Down lonely years of struggle
And frugality, each one etched
Into her brow, a map of
Her misery.
Her anger is pinned in
As tightly as the broach
High at her throat.
Where is the laughing girl
Of barn-dance days? No matter,
She snuffs out her secrets
In prim propriety,
Smothers faded youth
Beneath an apron of austerity.
Fifty years she stood by him,
And still, she stands
Behind.

FLAT CUBISM (Picasso)

Mark Falls

HAIKU

by Diane Ramey

Buds on tree branches.
Birds begin their flight homeward.
The soft wind blows spring.

Clouds hang suspended
in a shimmering blue sky.
Lovely summer day.

Soft grass underfoot.
Flowers blooming, butterflies.
Hot bright summer sun.

Trees blazing red, gold.
A road bending out of sight.
Autumn mystery.

Snow glistening white
while trees, stark, reach up for warmth
Thin, pale winter sun.

IS KNOWLEDGE ENOUGH?

by Kim Smith

"If you only had brains in your head you would be as good a man as any of them, and a better man than some of them. Brains are the only things worth having in this world, no matter whether one is a crow or a man." In the **Wizard of Oz**, the Scarecrow truly believed that if he only had a brain, he would be an educated man. After receiving his diploma from the society of men called the "Great Thinkers," he was deemed an educated man by the great Oz. We can all laugh at such a fairy tale ending, but the story does have a notable point. Having a brain doesn't necessarily make us educated and knowledge cannot be measured by a piece of paper sacredly called a diploma. Just as the Scarecrow went to the Wizard of Oz to receive a brain, so do students attend universities to become educated. People can take all the courses in the world that will make them educated to the facts, but simply knowing the facts doesn't constitute an educated man.

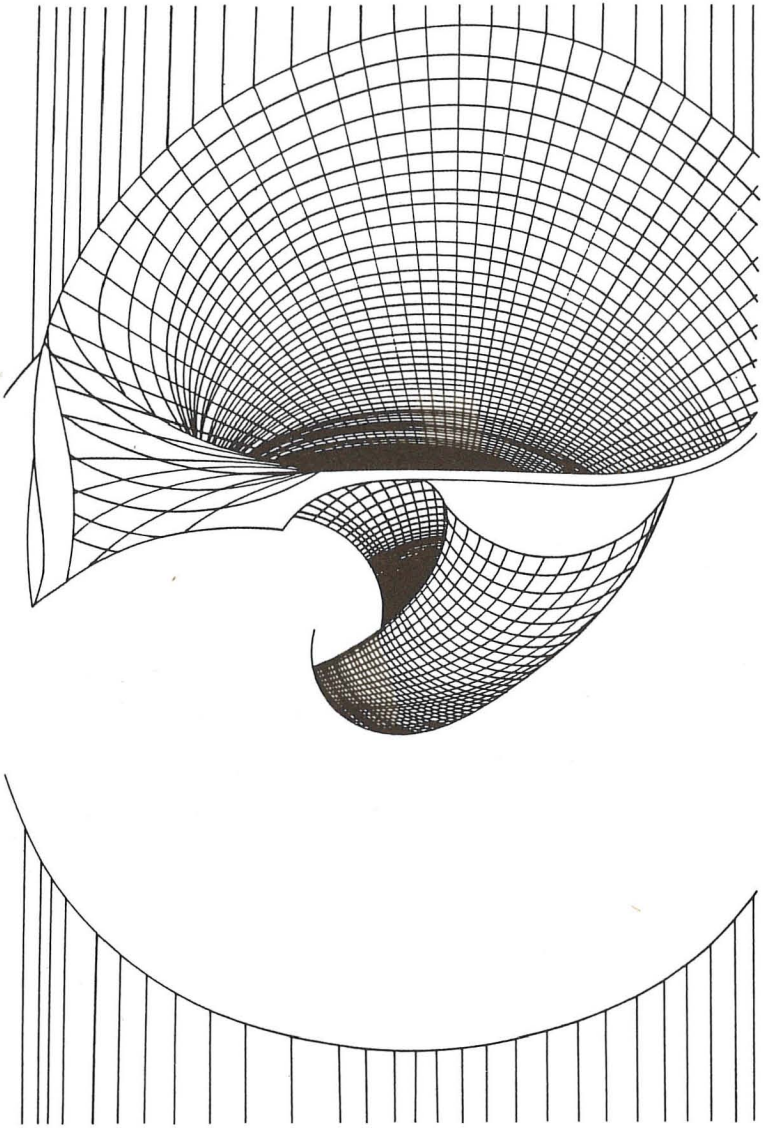
Then what does constitute an educated man? A formal education or a degree from Harvard? If this were true, then a man such as Thomas Edison would never have made his contributions to society. His teachers labeled him stupid but each time people turn on a light they can thank that "educated man." Thomas Edison was educated because he didn't just accept the obvious. He thought, challenged and wasn't afraid to hypothesize.

An educated man must not accept failure as the end, but as a detour if he is to reach his destination. He must not be afraid of ridicule from his peers, because indeed he is thinking and hypothesizing about what other people do not understand. How many times was Newton laughed at because he developed the law of gravity from the falling apple? Even educated men in early history were in constant fear of imprisonment because people thought that these men were plotting against the King. Out of these earlier time periods, Archimedes discovered the law of the lever and buoyancy, Galileo discovered the pendulum, and Hippocrates said that people have the ability to cure themselves, which is what the holistic approach in modern medicine means. Not all of these men were well respected in their time period and many did not obtain degrees, but yet they remain in history as the greatest educated men of all time.

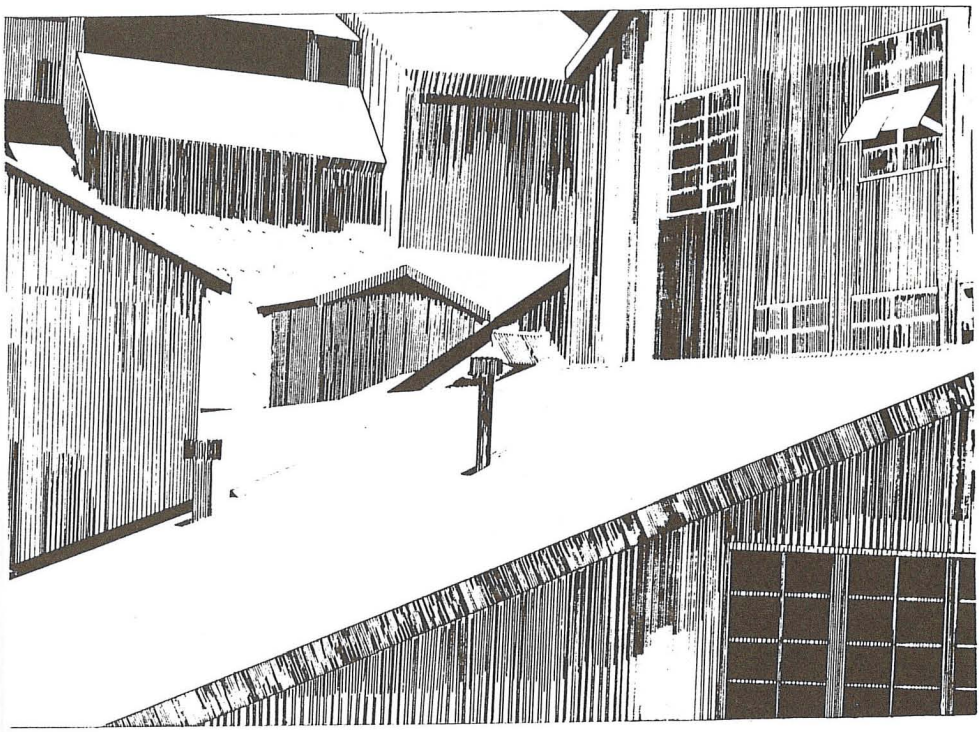
In order to be an educated man, one must apply his knowledge to formulate his own opinions according to his own ideas and not simply speculate on what others have said before him: anyone can quote. The educated man doesn't decide what is right from wrong, only what can be.

The world through the eyes of an educated man is a mirror reflection of his thoughts, ideas, and experiences: how he uses them is what his world becomes. Archimedes once said, "Give me a place to stand on and I will move the earth." In order to be an educated man, people do not need a diploma or even a formal education. It's not how much we know, it's how much we use what we know.

If we have the facts but don't apply them, then the learning was all for naught. For merely knowing isn't the art of knowledge, it's expounding on what we've been taught. If we believe that in order to be educated a diploma must be sought, then we become like the poor Scarecrow with a head filled with nothing but straw.



LINED MOLLUSK
Doriane Auld



SHEDS
Carol Kiehl

THE LAST GOOD-BYE

First Place Tie

by Tia Garcia

All of life has an inherent rhythm. There is an ebb and flow that is both seen and felt with the heart. We sow crops and reap the harvest; the smallest of acorns may yield the mightiest oak. A child is nurtured and raised on love, thereby, blossoming into her fullest potential. Love is the greatest power; love is the greatest gift. The budding of love develops into a full bloom, and similar to a spent spring bouquet, love becomes a cherished memory.

It has been said that there is only one loss: the first loss. All other losses are but the first one relived. Death of a loved one is always traumatic. The death of my grandmother, who raised me as her own child, who loved me unconditionally - her death was my greatest loss.

"Aggie" was my first word, and rightly given to the first love of my life. She was the nurturer through illness, confidante during affairs of the heart, and a wonderful playmate. Aggie patched me up when I was hurt, laughed with my joys, and hugged my soul when I felt blue. She spoke her love in countless ways. I wondered what she could say to me on this day, and if I would be able to understand. Ravaged by illness, whe was too weak to speak; the power of love was our sole communicator. On this clammy, grey, wintry, lifeless day, we said our last good-bye.

Just as loving hands had eased her into this world, she would be held and comforted in death. We all knew that she had come home with a purpose. Aggie did not want to face death in a sterile hospital room. She would not be alone.

The final day is frozen into memory. I realized sleep had overcome me. My unforgiving back groaned and creaked as I arched to attention. Shaking away the aching drowsiness, my eyes were riveted back to the frail, lifeless form on the bed. Except for the relentless sound of hissing oxygen, the house slumbered and was still. There was a sense of knowing the end was near. I would not sleep again; time was too precious for dreaming. We were alone, for the stream of visitors had dwindled over the last few days. This was our private time. I urgently memorized every detail about her: the white wisps of thinning hair, the translucent skin, deep azure eyes, and the furrowed valleys that life had etched on her face. I could not forget her: not now, not ever.

It felt strange that the old familiar roles were reversed. I tucked in the blankets and fluffed the pillows as best I could. Replacing cold compresses and rubbing on lotion, I communicated my love for her with silent actions. Memories and emotions flooded my soul. Perhaps she could not hear me, but I talked to her. I laughed alone in the spots we used to laugh at together. Her hands no longer squeezed mine with punctuation. I cried tears of despair. It was strange not to share giggles over stories of her girlish foolishness. She amazed me with her pioneer spirit. Aggie inspired me with her determination to make this world a better place. There would be no more afternoon teas, card games, baking cookies, or reliving the richly woven stories of my heritage.

The shadows began flickering through the room. The moon pierced between the branches, casting leaf-figures on the wall. I no longer knew what time it was. My clothes and hair were stiff and rumpled. I dared not leave, time was running out. The

death clock kept up its relentless ticking.

"Oh, when did you become so old?" I thought. Life has always included you. You held me when I cried, stroked my hair, and murmured sweet lullabies. Now and forever she would not be able to hug me. Aggie was more than a grandmother; she was my confidante and my trusted friend. She was slipping away. My heart ached, as I knew I had to go on. The upswelling grief tasted bitter in my mouth.

I grieved for my selfish loss. The last few years had been busy with my own child. All too often there had been a brief visit or a quick telephone call. Aggie would say, "Come over when you have some time." I wondered where I had lost track of all that time and felt overwhelmed with regret.

I decided at that moment that her family would continue to know this wonderful human being. Her memory would be a rich inheritance to generations still unborn. As Aggie bridged the past, so shall I. Her girlish stories, her laughter, and tragedies would live on. Aggie lived expressing her total, unconditional love; her love was the ultimate gift.

I murmured to her, "Go in peace. I love you," over and over again. As I held her, and rocked her, and loved her with all my heart, she took in one last sucking breath. Like a clock with a broken pendulum, life froze into eternity. She was gone.

MY CHILDHOOD

Second Place Tie

by Paras (Paul) Mani Lama

Where the Rhododendrons cover the hills —
And the Himalayas gently embrace you,
Where the scent of tea hangs in the air
Is the little town of Darjeeling:
Here has my childhood died
Those beautiful times of yesterdays.

Though it has gone by like everything else
Those memories remain so sweet and strong.
The faces of my friends I see
Running around playing hide and seek;
That old Witch Doctor haunts me still
Screaming and waving the dreaded stick.

Where the evergreen trees prosper —
And the mist rolls down the hills,
Where you hear the rushing river
And the rain come down with rage,
Tis the perfect place for all I care —
For my childhood to die in peace.

MALL PERSPECTIVE
Becky West

CROSSING WHITMAN'S FERRY

First Place Honors

by Scott Klein

I am with you, you men and women of a generation,
or ever so many generations hence,
Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky,
so I felt,
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one
of a crowd

Walt Whitman
from "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"

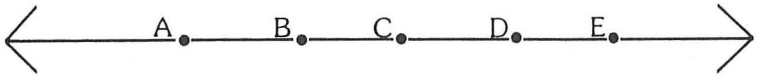
Time can be explained in mathematical terms, according to modern thought. Time, it says, is an infinite line. Being alive or part of reality is to have time intersect with your point.

It could be possible, then, to use time to one's own advantage. If we are all points on a line, then we are individually connected to every other point on the graph. Using this basic proposition, we may be able to find support of the assertions made by Whitman in his poem, *"Crossing Brooklyn Ferry."*

In the poem, Whitman asserts *"distance avails not, and place avails not, I too lived..."* Whitman then seeks to destroy barriers between the past, present and future. To destroy the myths of time, Whitman writes of universal experience--the things we all share in common no matter our position on the line, those experiences that make us a whole rather than randomly placed, disconnected points.

Realizing we belong to numerous sets charted on the line, Whitman attempts a personal dialogue with the reader, downplaying individuality and accenting our shared humanity.

Examining what is meant by points on a graph might better help us to understand one of the things Whitman was trying to achieve in the work.



Point A on the line is an individual who is alive; B is all people living; C is all people who have lived; D represents all those who will live, and E is the largest group, humanity.

Whitman, in his poem, attempts to widen the view of the reader. Some of us understand we are all part of A. Some of us understand each one of us is a member of B. We are taught in school, through the humanities, we belong to C. It is a jump in thought, however, to realize we are part of D, the most abstract set. Most of us do realize we are part of "humanity," but few of us understand all that is implied.

What thought you have of me now, I had
as much of you-I laid in my stores in advance,
I consider'd long and seriously of you before you
were born,

Just as I cannot recognize a person who will live by name, features, personality or any other characteristics, neither could Whitman. But this doesn't mean I cannot know other things about those to come. Whitman identifies some of those other shared experiences: identity gained from a body, the darkness of life-- *"Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness"* --the joys of life, the sunsets, picturesque scenes and solitude. He uses these similarities to force the reader to recognize he can converse directly with Whitman as a fellow man.

A doubting soul might ask, "How can I talk with someone long since dead?" Can a dead man talk? And if he cannot, what, then, of every scrap of paper ever written on by a man now dead?

Writing is a conversation. It is not merely the writer talking but a reader listening and responding with thoughts. It is humanity conversing with itself.

What we are able to gain from recognizing time as a mathematical proposition is dialogue, not only from the past but with the future. By pointing out our similarities, Whitman has struck up a conversation with us, even though he is no longer "alive." In his place in the body of man, however, he is still alive, and from here, Whitman can speak directly to all who care to listen. He can speak to us directly looking out from his poem like a voyager looking out a ship's porthole.

In the last movement of the poem, having forced the reader to accept his proposition, Whitman revels in the experience of humanity:

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and
ebb with ebb-tide!
Frolic on, crested and scallop ed'g waves!

The symbolism here which overlays the entire work should not be lost. The illusion, that of a river, and beyond that, the symbolism created in the title, *"Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,"* suggests life is a journey, a river.

We explained Whitman's proposition in mathematical terms simply because it is easier to understand it this way. And what more is a river than a line in space? And if Whitman is right, that the mass of humanity is a living river running its course from the first human past us into a great ocean and it is sweeping away all the eddies and lives along the way, pushing them on, then where are we going?

What is the greater ocean?

After first creating the mind set to say, "yes, we are one," then pausing briefly to chat with us, Whitman tells us what he believes is the ocean at the end of the river. The revelation comes in the last two lines of the poem:

You furnish your parts toward eternity,
Great or small, you furnish your part
toward the soul.

REST STOP AT THE EDISON DEPOT
Pam Ridner

NEIGHBORS

by Julie Brown

It was Emily's fifth trip to the clothesline. She bent to pick up a bed sheet, held a clothespin in her teeth, clipped one side, stretched the sheet tightly, then clipped the other. She pressed her nose into the damp material. Emily loved the smell of clothes on the line, especially on a warm, sunny day such as this. The sheet fluttered and snapped like the sail of a great sailing vessel. Emily bent again and dragged her plastic laundry basket down the line. She hung the rest of the whites, blouses and towels, stopping midway to pet Arnold, her son's black cat. He brushed against her legs, rolled over, and waited for a scratch.

"What a lazy cat," she said as she rubbed his fine silky fur. She then nudged him out of the way and finished hanging the clothes. A gust lifted the clothes higher, bringng with it the sweet fragrance of a nearby lilac bush. Emily ducked under the towels and walked towards the bush.

"Look, Arnold, they're so full this year," Emily said. She reached for a clump of lavender flowers and breathed deeply. Emily was twenty-five and had been married almost six years. She didn't mind being a housewife and mother, and she rather liked living in the country. Her husband, Mark, was away on business during the week, leaving her alone with her two children, Stacy and Kyle. Although she was busy with yardwork and housework and other mundane chores married couples lived with, she felt bored and lonely sometimes.

Emily gazed at the lilac bush in front of her. Lilacs always reminded her of growing up. Almost every house she'd lived in had these purple-clustered bushes. Emily recalled a particular bush at the end of the driveway at her home when she was in the third grade. From her upstairs bedroom window, she could see the bush, and she used to watch it come to life after many spring rains. She sometimes sat for hours it seemed, watching tree tops sway and clouds roll past.

Emily lifted her head. She sensed someone watching her. Without even looking, she knew it was Cora, her neighbor. Cora was ninety-two years old, and since she fell and broke her hip several months ago, she was confined to a wheelchair. Some of Emily's neighbors said Cora was senile and that she should be put in a home. Emily didn't think much about her. They just lived beside one another, their backyards touching.

Emily moved behind the bush, hoping Cora didn't see her. If she did, Emily knew she'd be tied up talking to her all day, and she had a lot of work to do. Cora's frail figure bent forward in her chair, and her thin hand brushed back a gray wisp of hair. She waved to Emily through the screen door. Emily waved back shyly. Just then, Emily's backdoor slammed, and her four-year-old son, Kyle, came running across the lawn. He was barefooted and quite out of breath.

"Where are your shoes?" Emily asked.

"Mom, Stacy hit me in the back, and I didn't even do nothin'," he said. He picked Arnold up by the middle, but the cat leaped from his arms.

"Why can't you and your sister get along? I just came out for a minute to hang out the clothes and already you two are at it," she said. Stacy was only a year older than Kyle, and they competed for attention.

"Stay outside with me anyway," Emily said. It's too nice to be cooped up in the house today. Come, see the lilacs."

"Let me smell 'um," said Kyle as he grabbed onto a limb, making it tremble. Kyle was known for being clumsy. Once he picked all the green stems off another neighbor's bush, just for fun.

"Here, I'll pick you some," Emily said. "You just stay there and don't grab at them, okay?"

"Hey Mom! Cora's at the door," he said. "Can I go over?"

Although Kyle was a spunky little child, he had a heart of gold. He often went over to talk to Cora through her screen door with his face pressed against the screen.

"Can I take her some flowers? She'd like 'um," he said.

Emily sighed, "I guess that would be nice." She reached up into the highest limbs and broke off four big bunches, each having three blossoms.

"Hurry up, Mom," Kyle said anxiously. "Before Cora closes the door." Emily glanced over her shoulder. Yes, Cora was still there. She was about to hand him the flowers when she hesitated. She felt somewhat guilty from not going over to visit her.

"Mom! Let me take 'um now!" Kyle whined.

Emily looked from the flowers to the screen door which was about ten yards away. "I guess I'll come with you," she said.

"Let me carry them," he said. Emily handed the bouquet to her eager, brown-headed boy. She noticed his face was already tanned and his brown eyes reflected the sun's light, giving him a healthy look. He ran ahead with his gift, slowing only to take one step at a time across the board bridge over the ditch between their yards. Emily watched his easy manner and quick steps as he hurried to his friend's back-door.

"Hi Cora," he hollared as he climbed the three cement porch steps. "We brought you some flowers." All this time, Cora had been watching from her spot by the screen door. She smiled when she saw Kyle race towards her, and she looked surprised when Emily started towards the bridge, too. Company was a rare delight, and Cora very much wanted the company of her neighbors as well as family.

"Oh, you brought me a present," she said as Kyle pulled open the door and stepped inside. Emily followed.

"You like 'um?" he asked as he placed the purple bunch into her lap. Cora's wrinkled, blue-veined hands gently gathered the lilacs to her nose. Her oversized glasses tipped to the right, but she pushed them back. Her white hair puffed in curls, kept in place with a hairnet. Emily stood beside Cora's wheelchair in her kitchen. She thought Cora looked happy and somewhat youthful. Something in her blue eyes made Emily smile.

"How have you been these days?" Emily asked.

"Oh, I'm just fine," Cora said. "I can't complain because I can't do much of anything else. I see you're awful busy. Wish I could get out in the yard. Yet, I never was the gardener in the family. My husband, Bill, spaded and planted most everything in the garden. He even planted that lilac bush that you seem to be so fond of."

"He did?" Emily asked quietly. "I thought the people who lived here before us planted it."

"Bill dug some shoots from his mother's farm and planted them there between these two yards. He never did like fences, so that bush acts as a kind of divider," she said.

Emily thoughtfully looked at her yard. The lawn was green, and the trees were alive and stretching outward. Without looking back at Cora, she said in a small voice, "I'm sorry I haven't been over to see you since your accident, but I'm so busy." She

turned back and Cora had her nose buried in the petals. "Where's Margaret?" Emily asked. Margaret was Cora's live-in nurse and housekeeper.

"She went to town, but she fixed lunch before she left," said Cora. "I was just about ready to eat before you came over. Would you like to stay?"

"Oh no," Emily said as she glanced around the tiny kitchen. The wooden table did look nice though, with a white tablecloth and a place setting of rose china. "I have to get back home. Stacy's alone and I have another load of clothes in the washer."

While the two women were talking, Kyle was wandering around the house. He knew what treasures he could touch and what not to. He came back into the kitchen with a curious look on his face.

"Help yourself to some candy," said Cora. She always gave him a piece before he went home.

"Won't you spoil your lunch?" Emily asked Kyle as he pulled out three butterscotches.

"Oh, let him have some. Anyway, he looks healthy enough." She had raised ten children of her own. Cora smiled at the boy and told him to come back again soon. He said his goodbyes and ran home with his candy.

"Dear, won't you please put these in water for me. You'll find a vase under the sink."

Emily did as she was told and placed the flowers on the kitchen table. They looked nice in the center of Cora's noon meal.

"Sit down and stay for awhile," she said. "You work so hard."

"No, I have to get back. The kids will be into everything before I get home."

"You're so lucky . . ." Cora started to say. "I'd give anything to be able to get out into the yard again." She gazed out the screen door and her eyes lit up again. "See those apple trees? We got forty bushels off just one tree one year."

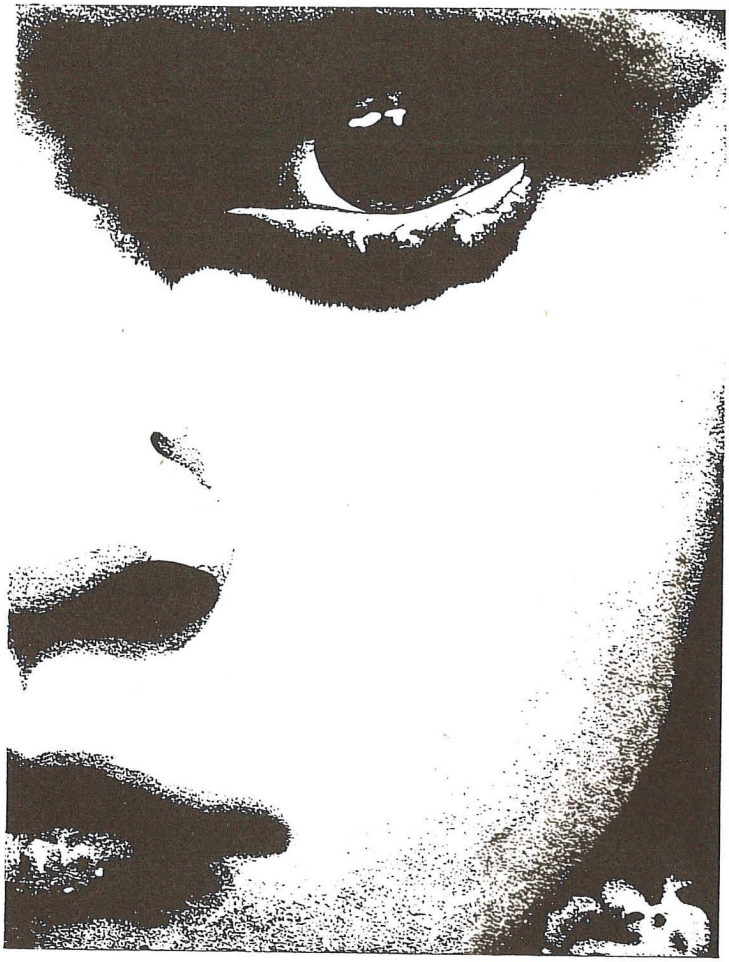
Emily leaned against the counter. She felt sorry for Cora. "Why don't you get someone to build a ramp off your porch so you can get outside? It would do you good to sit in the sunshine."

"Oh, I get plenty of sun sitting here in the doorway," she said. "Besides, I would get too tired by the time I got out there."

Emily looked at Cora's thin body again and decided that she may be right. "Well, I have to get going now," she said. She still felt guilty, but she was glad she stayed as long as she did.

"Please do come again, dear," Cora said. "And let that nice boy of yours come over anytime."

Emily said she would as she closed the screen door. She crossed the board bridge, passed the lilac bush, and walked to her clothesline. The clothes were hanging still now, like a white wall. Emily grasped the edge of the sheet and sniffed. It was dry.



SORROW'S CHILD
Debbie Dersch

A STUDY OF "PAUL'S CASE"

Second Place Tie

by Kim Fleury

Willa Cather's story, "Paul's Case," centers around a socially ill high school boy. Paul is an impatient, escapist, egocentric boy whose only pleasures in life are the arts: theater, paintings, and especially, music. He hates his life on Pittsburgh's Cordelia Street, a respectable but drab white-collar neighborhood filled with children and "the smells of cooking." Paul dreams of an indolent life traveling to exciting places, but he's not interested in working for such a life. Until he can finally escape Cordelia Street, Paul spends his time ushering at a music hall or loitering about the local theater company's rehearsals, escaping into fantasy.

For him, fantasy is reality. He romanticizes the lives of the performers, and he has such a need to set himself apart that he exaggerates about his relationships with them. When his schoolmates are no longer impressed by this, Paul tells ridiculous lies about upcoming journeys which are later "cancelled" on some pretext. Paul is a chronic liar; he found lying useful for avoiding conflicts as well as for gaining attention.

When he is finally caught, he is expelled from school, barred from the theaters, and "put to work" at a business firm. Faced with a depressing, boring existence, Paul rebels. He steals nearly three thousand dollars from his employers and goes to New York City. The opulence there exhilarates him for eight days, until he reads in a Pittsburgh newspaper that his father has learned Paul's whereabouts and is coming to find him. Unable to bear going back to Cordelia Street, Paul commits suicide.

"Paul's Case" is a story of metaphysical conflict of man against society. Paul consistently rebels against the values of his father and his teachers and feels "no remorse" about lying or stealing to escape his life on Cordelia Street. Cather uses traditional short story design combined with flashback and flashforward and foreshadowing to take the reader into the life of the major character. She uses the third person with limited omniscience, except for two instances of full omniscience, wherein she relates that his teachers feel foolish for their harsh reactions towards the boy. The first such instance gives the reader a look beyond Paul's bravado and insolence, when his drawing master's insight reveals the boy's "haunted" vulnerability. The reader then begins to feel sympathy for Paul as a frightened, motherless child. Indeed, one theme of the story is that an innocent child can develop abnormally and become socially (as opposed to mentally) ill. The theme of innocence is referred to in passages describing lilies-of-the-valley and the motto, "Feed My Lambs," which Paul's mother embroidered and which now hangs over his bed.

Although his lies, and later theft, with a "lack of remorse" indicate a type of psychopathy, Cather shows sympathy for Paul by hinting throughout the story that the harshness of his upbringing causes the malformation of Paul's character. She describes Paul's room, with the pictures of George Washington and John Calvin, suggesting austerity and an extreme stress on virtue by Paul's father. (There is also irony in Washington's reputation as a truthful boy.) But deeper than this, there is Paul's dread of being "accosted by" his father, a fear which is so strong that Paul spends a night in the basement, choosing to face the rats rather than his father. In the New York hotel, Paul thinks back on the fear he's always felt, and the feeling he has

of always being watched. He is constantly on guard, ready to defend himself. He "...(reassures) himself that here it would be impossible for anyone to humiliate him." And finally, one reason he lies is that he wishes to avoid "friction."

Paul's father seems to have been so harsh with Paul's misdeeds that, instead of learning to cope, Paul learned to hide in fantasy and to rebel against the reality of authority. And yet, as Cather states in the second theme of the story, Paul eventually realizes "...it was a losing game in the end, it seemed, this revolt against the homilies by which the world is run."

Cather's development of Paul as the only major character is a device that emphasizes his egocentricity. All of her narration centers around Paul. Her physical description of him illustrates that the boy is at once vulnerable and insolent. His white, tense face shows his nervous fear of being made to feel worthless, which seems to have happened often in his childhood, as implied by his unusual dread of his father's "reproaches." The clothing Paul chooses to wear is a defensive reaction to this "humiliation." He dresses as though he were a nonchalant "dandy," with "a flippantly red carnation" in his lapel and an opal pin in his four-in-hand.

Paul's outward attitude towards his teachers covers up his fear of being close to anyone, as though he has never learned to trust, or as if he has never been accepted unconditionally. The minor characters, all of whom are "flat," are exasperated by Paul's characteristic aloofness, tactlessness, and self-centeredness, and, in turn, humiliate Paul with chastisements, thus creating a vicious circle. His egocentrism is further revealed in Paul's attitude that the hotel is "...built and peopled for him alone," and by his lack of desire to know any of the people. When he is in New York, he is relieved to be released from "...the necessity of petty lying," and he feels at peace because he is now "honest." He no longer needs to lie to be "noticed and admired"; he doesn't need to act out to draw attention to himself because, he feels, his clothes show the world just how special he is. Yet he is still afraid, and sleeps with the light on.

Paul's thoughts toward suicide are typically self-centered in that he doesn't consider his father's loss of years of saving, nor does he reflect on the pain he has and will cause his father. Instead, he thinks only of avoiding humiliation and a dreary life of hard work. The rashness of his decision is also consistent with his habit of thinking only about the present wants.

Cather's use of traditional design, flashforward and -back, and foreshadowing is important in effectively telling Paul's story. She steadily builds suspense with her straight-forward chronological narration, interspersed with foreshadowing, such as Paul's musing on being accidentally shot by his father. Would there come a day, Paul wonders, when his father would wish that he had killed him? This chronological narration is continued until Paul's crisis of being fired from the music hall and barred from the theater. Then, suddenly, Paul is on a train to New York with stolen money in his pockets. This flashforward is effective bacause it piques the curiosity of the reader, and it also accents the suddenness of Paul's decision to steal from his employer and run away. Cather has dealt sensitively with the subject of abnormal development in childhood. She gives the reader an insight to how a child's personality can be perverted by mental abuse, and, although it can't excuse his behavior, this understanding can lead the reader to feel compassion for Paul and others like him. It may also nudge the reader to seek information on better child-rearing methods than those which Paul's father used.

VIET NAM, I REMEMBER YOU

Second Place Tie

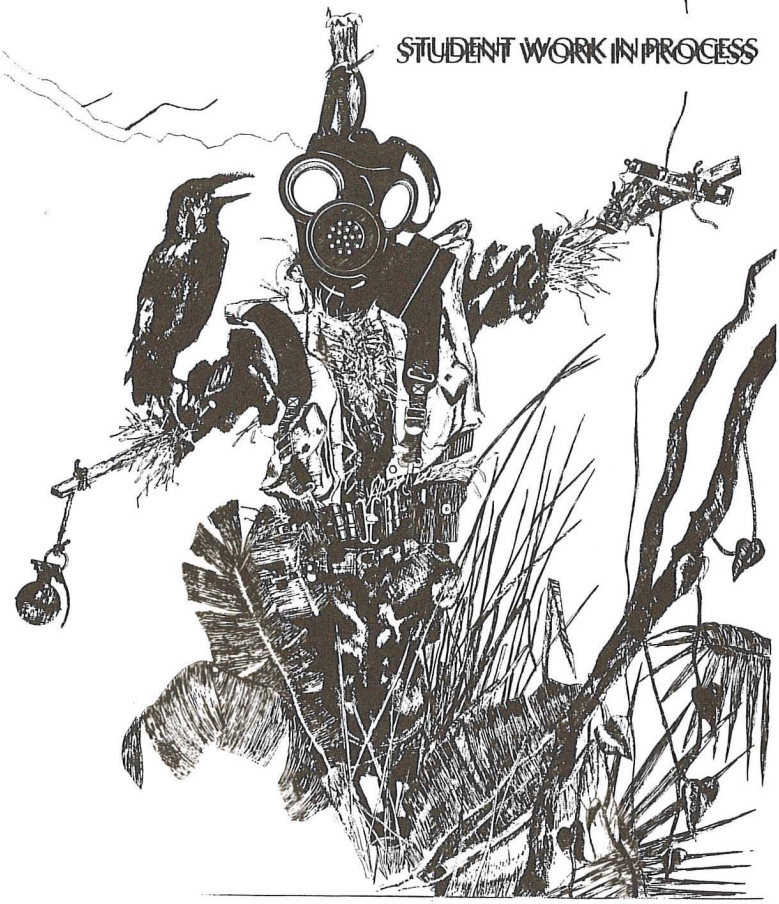
by Catherine O'Connor

Viet Nam, I remember you.
Though at first you were not familiar,
I came to thirst for word of those
Who flared to your fields,
Answering a call.
Trudging 'crost bloodied grain,
They thought of other times.

The god of greed sounded the horn,
And compelled us to action.
He begged a fresh young sacrifice —
For the hungry altar of war.
To uncertain cause,
We gave an army of children,
Blushed with the sweetness of youth.

Brash and undaunted, we dared,
With limitless lust for glory,
To stem the evil red tide
That threatened our security.
Soon we regretted —
That the earth gave rise to you,
And linked you with our name.

Viet Nam, I remember you.
It is well that we recall —
The futility of our fierceness,
And the shame of our confusion.
You severed completely —
The innocence of our eagerness,
And forced us into wisdom.



MILITARY SCARECROW
Robert Shapton

MY SANCTUARY

by Julie Brown

When I was young, I learned to love the country. My parents, my brother, Clyde, and my four sisters, Laura, Janet, Paula and Sylvia moved from the city, leaving behind best friends and neighbors. I soon forgot the sidewalk games of hopscotch and jacks. Soon forgot the row of houses that lined our block and the school playground that was across the street from our house. In our new home we had a barn, a huge toolshed, an apple orchard, pear trees, a blackberry patch and several acres of land.

Although I loved to climb the trees and pick the plump, juicy berries, my favorite place to play was in the barn. Our barn was not painted red as are most country barns. Its walls were weathered gray, and huge wooden doors slid on rollers that squealed when we opened them. Its roof was once black but faded now to a darker gray than the walls. Slats in the upper portion of the barn's walls were separated, and when the sun shone through, light filtered in like sun beams through clouds. It never mattered if it was raining, snowing, or a perfectly sunny day, I could be found in the barn.

Inside the wooden doors was my world, a world where I could get away from my brother and sisters to dream or read by myself. Back then the barn was huge to me. There were many rooms: the main part I called the "haymound," an upstairs chicken coop, horsestalls, and a place called the "shop" where my brother kept his hotrod. We didn't own any farm animals, just a few cats and a dog, so the barn smelled of sweet straw--not smelly manure. My favorite place to play in the barn was the cathedral area of the haymound. Faded yellow straw was spread over the wooden floorboards. Some straw piled in the corner is where I spent many hours reading horse stories like **Misty of Chinocoteague**, **Sea Star**, and **Black Beauty.** I would fluff a pile of straw and lie in its nest, sometimes falling asleep. Soon the dusty sun rays would wake me or I would hear my mother's muffled voice calling me for supper. I would mess up my nest so no one else could find my secret spot.

My older sisters, Laura and Janet, and I played in the barn on a rope tied from the ceiling rafters. The rope was as wide as my fist and hung almost to the floor. A huge knot made the perfect seat. Sometimes we took turns climbing the rope, but I never could climb all the way to the ceiling. When I would look down, my heart would beat faster, and many times I slid part way down, tearing the skin from my hands. We did enjoy the rope as a swing, though. Even the little kids, Paula and Sylvia, cried for their turn on the swing. A long fence-like beam jutted towards the center of the room. It probably kept livestock in the big area at one time, but we used it to balance across for our swing. The brown timber was smooth and thick, and when I ran my hand along its surface I never got a sliver. I would climb up the fence onto the beam and balance across to the middle, stop, and then my sister would swing the rope to me. With one hand stretched to the side for balance, I would catch it with the other, then straddle the knot between my legs and jump into the air from the beam. Oh what a ride! I felt like Pegasus flying through the sky. As my body clung to the rope, I would lean back and look at everything upside-down. I could feel the earth spin as I closed my eyes. I never wanted my ride to end.

When we lived at that house, I always wanted a pony. A stable was connected to the lower portion at the rear of the barn, but I never played there. Spiders took over

with their webs criss-crossing the doorway and windows. Mice scattered from sight, and the rank smell of decayed manure lingered on the dirt floor. Once, we did use the stalls for a day. My grandfather brought a pony to our house for a family reunion, and after that day I begged for a pony of my own. Grandpa promised he would buy me one, but he never did. I used to dream of riding my pony through the fields of tall grass and stopping for sips of water in the creek which ran through the corner of our property. I pictured myself brushing and currying the fine, smooth coat, and feeding handsful of oats in the evenings before dark. But my dreams remained just that, dreams. The closest I came to owning a pony was through my books.

During the day, the barn was a friendly place to play, but I was afraid to go in it at night. Its huge outline looked like a spooky castle, and bats fluttered in their odd patterns, swooping toward the weeds. My brother, Clyde, told blood-curdling stories on our back porch after dark. He did such a good job scaring us that the younger ones would run inside even before he got into the scary parts, leaving the rest of us out on the steps alone with him. His favorite chiller was *"Bloody Bones,"* who, he said, lived in the chicken coop in the barn. His voice would get low and mysterious, and he would make motions with his arms to look like a monster.

"I'm on the first step; I'm on the second step," he would growl. "I'm on the third step--I'll get you!" My sisters and I would scream until we almost cried. Then I would stare at my sanctuary, believing every word. By morning, the scary scene from the night before disappeared, and I was back to play in the barn again.

Twenty years have gone by since we lived in that old house with the barn. Whenever I drive past it, I notice the changes. Somehow, the barn doesn't look big at all. The sheds have been torn down. Weeds have been cleared away. But the gray barn remains standing, sagging slightly from years of wind and weather. "That's where I grew up," I say to my own two children. I smile. I wonder if the rope still hangs from the rafters, and if the beam is still standing smooth and steady, waiting for a little girl to come and play in the barn.

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST

by Julie Farrer

Our family motto was "Pike's Peak or Bust" that summer vacation. It had been that motto since our first stages of planning the Colorado outing the winter before. As we drove on the road which led to the toll booth, Pike's Peak became visible. The gray, snow-capped mountain appeared ready to be conquered. Jagged slabs of metamorphic rock jutted from the sides of the mountain, varying its asymmetrical shape. I imagined venturing to the summit of the mighty wonder to grab a giant handful of pure, white snow. Hurling a snowball from the side of the peak, I envisioned it helplessly plummeting 14,000 feet to its destiny.

My thoughts were interupted when we arrived at the toll booth. Since the fee was expensive to ride to the summit, my family claimed I was ten years old when I was really thirteen. Mom, Dad, and I laughed and thought we had fooled the toll booth man after we had driven away. However, the man did not warn us of the treacherous road ahead. The expedition was about to turn into a nightmare. Our trip up Pike's Peak was the most frightening experience in our entire lives.

For a moment, however, we were the Zebulon Pike Expedition. My family and I were going to relive the 1806 discovery of the mountain led by Mr. Pike. My dad was the leader of the expedition. He was in charge of driving the 1975 Pontiac LeMans twenty miles to the summit. My mom was the navigator. She read the brochure we received from the toll booth called "Mountain Driving Tips." I was in charge of provisions. While viewing the scenery, I distributed the Bugles and the Hi-C. As we munched on Bugles, the car started to ride up a slight incline. Dad immediately shifted into low gear as stated in the brochure. We observed a large reservoir as we peered through the guardrails. Tall pine trees reflected in the water giving it an evergreen tint.

As we ascended up the mountain, I noticed we had just passed our last guardrail. There was no longer enough shoulder on the road to retain a guardrail. Twelve inches of land separated the car from the open expanse of air. Peering over the small strip of land, I imagined gravel from the shoulder tumbling down the side of the mountain to the stream far, far below. Dad circled his way up the mountain. The incline became steeper and steeper. Terrified, his wide eyes stared out the front window. Only the long, wide hood of the car was visible. The car chugged up the narrow road at a sixty degree angle. Beads of perspiration on Dad's forehead quickly formed into tidal waves of sweat as he white-knuckled the steering wheel. My mom breathlessly repeated, "Oh my gosh," as her knees knocked together. Huddled on the back seat floor, I ferociously prayed.

The courageous Pike Expedition had turned into the frightened Farrer Family Expedition. My dad blindly drove to the rest area located at the 11,425 foot mark. As soon as he parked the car, he went to the nearest bathroom to relieve himself of his excess nervousness. My mom and I stumbled over to a ranger who checked cars before they continued their treacherous journeys. As we walked over to him, his walkie-talkie murmured, "Should we close the road because of the snowstorm?"

My mom, her knees knocking together more than ever before, asked the ranger, "Does it get any worse?"

He laughed. "Hah! You think that was bad? You just wait until you get up there,"

he said pointing to the peak of the mountain.

Our wide eyes looked at the snow-covered peak. A small ledge was carved on the side of the jagged rock. A tiny object crept its way to the 14,110 foot summit. It was a car caught in the midst of the snowstorm.

Mom and I hastily walked back to the car. The petrified expressions on all of our faces told us to end our journey at the halfway point.

I never had a better time riding down a mountain.

THE DAY HE LEFT

by Renee Cangemi

Three years ago this October thirtieth is the time I mark as the end of my childhood. Although my childhood was already in the process of ending, this particular day solidified that change from innocence to maturity: a change that can never be reversed. Until that time I never thought much of death. It was something that happened on television, in movies, and to old people. It happened to grandparents and great aunts and to unknown distant relatives but never to someone who was young, someone I knew.

There was a half day of school that Tuesday, and I was just walking into my kitchen when Ray and David, two neighbor boys, ran in shouting something about Matthew shooting himself. Well, as my brother Matthew was standing right behind them, I laughed and told them that he did not shoot himself. They insisted that he did and that they were not lying. It was then that I realized they meant the Matthew next door, the one that was just a few months younger than I.

As we all ran next door, I asked Ray and David if they had called an ambulance. They had. I told my little brother to stay out of the house. I didn't want him to see the accident. When I went into the room where Matthew was, I still could not believe what had happened. I thought to myself that this isn't really happening; it had to be some kind of Devil's Day joke. But it wasn't.

I went up to Matthew and whispered his name. I do not know why I whispered. It didn't seem real. The wound in his head didn't look real. It was like a bad dream that I could not wake up from. There was a smell and a scene I will never forget. I half expected him to jump up and yell "Gotcha." He didn't move. I knew I had to do something, so I sent Ray across the road to my best friend's house.

While Ray and David were getting help, I tried to find Matthew's father's work number. I couldn't find it, so I looked for his sister's work number. As I was doing this, my friend Holly and her sister came into the house. Holly's sister was studying to be a nurse at the time and she went into the bedroom to see what she could do for Matthew. In the meantime Matthew's aunt had called. She had heard of the accident over the police monitor. I told her what had happened and asked her to call Matthew's father because I could not find the number. Then the police dispatcher called and asked questions like, "Was there a gun accident there?" and "Is he breathing?" As I finished answering questions, the ambulance and the police pulled into the driveway.

I was beginning to lose a little control by then, and I fought to hold back the tears. I kept telling myself that Matthew was not going to die. He had finally straightened out his life, and it had not been easy. He was doing well in school, and even though he had been held back twice, he was really trying this year. He was too young to die.

Just after the ambulance had left, Matthew's father whipped into the driveway, then hurried out again to Mercy Hospital. Holly and I went to get Matthew's sister Dawn from work. She didn't know about the accident yet, and as soon as we saw her, we started to cry. Telling Dawn about Matthew was one of the hardest things we ever had to do. She went to the hospital with us because she was too upset to drive. We kept telling each other he was going to make it even though we knew inside he

wasn't. By the time we arrived at the hospital, Matthew was on his way to St. John's Hospital. Dawn and her father left for Detroit.

Holly and I went back to Matthew's house. Our parents had come home as soon as they found out about the accident, and all of us and a few neighbors did what we could to clean up the room where he had shot himself. It was his father's bedroom and we did not want him to come home and have to deal with the room the way it was. After an hour or so of cleaning we all went home. That night Dawn and her father came around to tell us that Matthew had died.

For some reason I could not cry until after I had visited the funeral home. Then, once I started, I couldn't stop. I still can not believe all the people from school that showed up for the service. While Matthew was alive, he was the victim of many cruel jokes and was abused by many people. Did so many people really miss him, or did they feel guilty for treating him like they did? Did they come to the funeral for Matthew, or was it just a day away from school?

I remember feeling guilty for the times throughout childhood that I was cruel to Matthew, but he was always one to forgive. I thought often that only if I had called him after school that day, or had gone over to see him, maybe he would still be here. If only he had been loved and understood more, maybe he wouldn't have felt the need to get attention by playing Russian roulette with a loaded gun. He knew about guns; it should not have happened.

I was supposed to make him into a punk rocker for Halloween the next day, but now I never will. I feel as though I've left something unfinished. Halloween will never be the same for me. It will always be a reminder of a change in my life. Every year when the pumpkins are carved or I hear the *"Monster Mash"* on the radio, I will be reminded of Matthew. I do not feel resentful of that, of being reminded of his death, because I never want to forget his life, the good times we had, and the good friend he was.

HILLMAN'S BOUNTY
Nicole Zalut

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

by Julie Schaefer

It is night time all across America. Everyone is asleep except the alarm clocks who are up and at attention ready for duty. The showers await their busy morning and the coffee, of course, never sleeps. It is so very nervous. The first crack of dawn shines through a window, the window of an earlybird. He slowly opens his eyes, shuts off his alarm and with a great big smile to meet the smile of the sun hops into the shower with a song. That same ray of sunshine creeps its way into the dark cave of the night owl. It shines in his eyes but to no avail. It shines brighter and forces itself into his room completely. The night owl pulls his covers over his head. The alarm clock cringes as it lets out a big wail, but nothing happens. The night owl can not hear it. He has his covers pulled over his ears. Just as it begins to relax, its worst fears become a reality. A large hand is whacked right across its cheek. The night owl has missed the correct button. The clock keeps on screaming. He hits it again and again and again until finally the beaten clock lies unconscious on the floor. The earlybird, the night owl and a world of difference in between.

It does not matter what time the earlybird goes to bed, he will always be up early in the morning. He can be up once in a while studying or reading, but whenever that sun cracks through the window, it can be assured he will be found already eating his breakfast. The earlybird always has time to do a few extra things in the morning such as homework, laundry, or the luxury of watching television. This frustrates the night owl because he is the exact opposite. It does not matter how early he goes to bed he will always want more sleep when the morning comes. This insatiable urge to have more sleep has driven the night owl to become the night owl. He sees no point in retiring himself and "wasting" valuable time that could be spent watching television, eating snacks and/or listening to music when he knows that whatever amount of sleep he gets, it will never be enough. This creature has no idea of what food is like in the morning. He barely has time to get himself ready, let alone finishing homework or doing laundry. The thought of watching television does not even cross his groggy mind.

Another thing that frustrates the night owl is the earlybird's ability to get himself up without an alarm. If this animal happens to open his eyes before his alarm goes off, he will gladly figure it is time to start another day and jump out of bed with a smile. The alarm clock is always happy to be with an earlybird. It is treated well and with respect. It does its job and is rewarded by the earlybird with a slight pat on the head, gently turning off its ring. On the other hand, it is every alarm clock's nightmare to be the slave of a night owl. It does its job at the prescribed time of the morning given to it by the night owl himself, but the thanks it gets is a shoe or some hard object thrown at it. The snooze button is forever being pushed, and it must go through the hell of knowing it is going to be beaten again in five minutes.

The earlybird would never have this brutal attitude in the morning. He is cheerful, active and ready to take on the world. He can be found whistling or humming in the shower. Then a song just might come out of his mouth while he is running down the stairs to put on his shoes and do his early morning activities. Once in a while the show-off will have the nerve to do a little bit of jogging before he goes to school or work. And sometimes, just sometimes, he will jog to work or to school just so everyone else can watch with envy. The night owl might be caught with a hum on his

lips but that is usually mistaken for a mutter or something everyone else in the house should not be hearing. He stands asleep in the shower letting the water run over him. He greets everyone with a hearty grunt, and if there is something to complain about, he can be counted on to take up the job.

The earlybird is not always cheerful, and the night owl is not always grumpy. For instance, the earlybird can be found to be a little grouchy when night time comes around. He is tired and is ready to go to bed. At nine-thirty he will set his alarm, put his pajamas on and crawl into bed for a nice long sleep. The night owl, however, is just getting ready to go out at nine-thirty. He is cheerful and active. He is ready to take on the world. When he comes home, he prepares a snack, turns on the television and is all set to do his homework. Once in a while he will take a break from all this and listen to music or talk on the phone with other fellow owls. Finally when the last snack has been snacked, the last show has been shown, and the last homework has been worked out, he will allow himself to fall into the cave of blackness where his next few hours will be spent.

The one ironic thing about the earlybird and the night owl is their destiny to be brought together. Whether it is through friendship, college or marriage, the force that brings them together is stronger than the force that separates them. So one must be patient with the other and respect their needs and wants. The earlybird should never, beyond all means, try to save the alarm clock and attempt to wake the night owl himself. This is very dangerous. And the night owl should never keep the bird up past his bedtime. This is territory that should not be tampered with. The old saying is the earlybird catches the worm, but try passing this piece of wisdom on to the night owl at seven o'clock in the morning. He will gladly feed this brave person the worm himself.

A ROUGH BEGINNING

Second Place Tie

by Rebecca Glyshaw

They tell me it's life, and there's no way around it. When you work and raise animals, the facts must be faced. Life comes and goes without any regard to us. That is, most of the time. Sometimes, when the opportunity comes, it's possible for even a mere farm girl to step in and make a small difference.

It must have been about two years ago. The spring had been cold and wet, and our guinea hens, who traditionally set up nests in the back field, decided to abandon their future families to head for higher ground. Many eggs were floating in the scattered puddles. Normally I would have looked at this as just another brood lost, but, for some reason, I was disturbed about it that year. I don't know why, but I gathered up seven eggs that had not been broken or cleaned out by the rats and took them to the house.

After carefully drying and marking the eggs, I put them in the incubator. There was very little hope in my mind of any of the keats actually hatching, but I figured that it was worth a try. I did have some confidence, though, because they were only about a week from being due, and they had only been in the cold water for less than half a day.

Three days after what I considered to be the due date, nothing had happened. I had been very careful to turn the eggs at regular intervals, day and night. Very early the next morning, I opened the lid to the incubator, and much to my surprise, there were six little fluffy keats wobbling around on the floor. The egg that was left only had a hairline crack along one end, so I decided to give it a little more time. I kept checking on it, but during the next five hours, little change had occurred. The crack was a little longer, but that was not much improvement.

Guinea eggs, unlike chicken or duck eggs, have a very hard, thick shell. Many keats die in the struggle just to crack the shell. Since this one had managed at least to make a small crack, I was determined to help it make it out. Intent on making a difference, I picked up the egg and worked on getting my fingernail into the crack. I knew that I had to be very careful, as any harsh movement could kill the keat. As I lifted each side, a piece about the size of a dime broke off, revealing the white membrance underneath. This was a good start. I softly put my finger on that spot and could feel the heart of that little life beating inside. What an incentive!

Practically sliver by sliver, I removed the shell from around the membrane. Now that it was not so restricted, the keat began weakly to struggle within its small prison. Since it had been trying for so long, it just did not have the energy to break through the tough outer skin. Feeling a sense of urgency, I found a loose spot and carefully poked a hole in it. Very slowly, I began to pull the membrane back. Some spots had to be avoided because they were attached to the keat itself.

As I pulled the last of the skin off, a small life was set free and began to unfold. As I looked into my hand, I saw this new life trying desperately to stand up. It was black and brown, and it felt sticky and warm. Since it was still soaking wet, I knew that its temperature was quickly dropping. It needed to be warmed up so I placed the newest addition with the other six under the heating lamps. Just a few hours later, as if by a

miracle, the little keat was scratching at the incubator floor.

To this day, all seven of those guineas are healthy and strong, and they are raising broods of their own. I'm glad I did what I did. Seeing a life come forth into the palm of my hand gave me a wonderful sense of joy, and helping that life along also gave me a great sense of accomplishment. Life is a beautiful thing, and each of us **does** make a difference.

EVE
Teresa Schommer

A SLEEPER'S PACE

by Steve Gardner

It's ten-fifteen, endeavors of mankind
Are less renowned when sacrificed to night,
The fresh dug bed favors the drowsy mind
To memories scared by daytime's draining light.
The body rests and like the mind prepares
For landscaped dreams to written Irish style;
The moon a drop of milk, it soon repairs
To chambers in a fabric, mile for mile.
Bolts, layered, compliment the sleeper's pace;
Macabre, the veined machine that kills the heart,
It learns that life is delicate as lace,
Yet knowingly will pull the thing apart.
    Unbalanced, rhythm is the lighter weight,
    And leaves the fulcrum passive and sedate.

CHILDHOOD GLIMPSES

by Julie Brown

When a child steps outdoors for the first time, his parents often state in simple words, "See the pretty bird, feel the rough trees and soft grass, see the blue sky, and smell the lovely flowers, aren't they pretty?" The child, in return, often squeals in delight as he explores this vast new world, a world full of wonder and excitement. He plays, laughs and, in the process of learning, often falls, until the day comes when he no longer feels the same excitement of his five senses. During his growing-up years, he often grows too busy to enjoy such delights. When he becomes old, he often recaptures that childish wonder and recalls his younger days.

Romantic poets like William Wordsworth often wrote about the "truths that wake." They captured nature on paper for those of us who may have lost that touch of excitement we felt so long ago. They make us see with "inward eye" what did make us happy once. Wordsworth most often wrote of these simple, rustic scenes of common life which he recalled as a child. In doing so, he allowed the reader to envision what he saw around him. In his opening stanza from the poem, *"Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,"* Wordsworth takes the reader on a journey through a child's life.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;--
Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

Wordsworth continues to show the reader that everything "beautiful and fair... hath passed away a glory from the earth." Children grow away from playing and pretending.

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
-- But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone...
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

The Romantic poet, William Blake, also felt this sense of childhood wonder of nature in his poetry. Like Wordsworth, he felt that children appreciated nature but those feelings often faded when they reached adulthood. In Blake's poem *"Echoing Green,"* he shows an older adult recalling the fun he had had as a child, just as present-day children also enjoy playgrounds.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say:
"Such, such were the joys.
When we all, girls & boys,
In our youth-time were seen,
On the Echoing Green."

Blake also shows children's love for the outdoors in *"Nurse's Song"* from **Songs of Innocence**. When told to come home, the children answer,

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky, the little birds fly
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

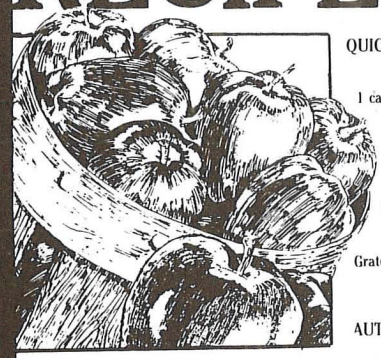
Romantic "nature poems" help the reader see as a child sees nature up close for the first time. We, too, wander with unsteady steps, touch the world around us with curious fingers, and through the process, learn what the earth is made of. Romantic poets such as Wordsworth and Blake help in our journey back to childhood. Each scene from their poetry becomes a time-frame for readers to view the world as they saw it, and yet, the best value from their work is how we relate to it. When we read, we are all the better because of it.

AUTUMN'S FRAGRANCE

by Marlene Taylor

Autumn's amber
Crunches, crackles,
Floats on frosty evening air.
Smoking bonfires
Offer incense,
Bright surprise of chestnut's pop.
Pungent ripeness,
Rotting apples,
Cider warm from steaming cup.
Crisp air sharpens
Shallow breathing,
Braced for musty Autumn rain.

RECIPES



QUICK APPLE PEACH LOMPOTE

1 can of apple pie filling

½ cup cranberry-apple juice

1 package (12 ounces) frozen sliced peaches, thawed

Grated rind of 1 lemon

AUTUMN APPLE BREAD

¼ cup shortening

⅔ cup sugar

2 eggs beaten

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

1 teaspoon baking soda

2 cups coarsely grated, peeled, raw, tart apples

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

⅓ cup chopped walnuts

APPLES

APPLE RECIPES
Chris Gibbon

ISN'T SHE AN ANGEL?

by Renee Werth

Last week I suffered an identity crisis. Oh, I suspected for weeks that it was coming. The symptoms were as clear to me as the nose on my face, which incidently was too flat. Anyhow, at first my voice grew harsh, then my eyes turned cold, and eventually my everlasting smile faded. I began to lose track of time, disregard prior commitments and, finally, to forget my own identity. Why? Frankly, I blame it on Virginia Woolf's "Angel in the House."

I did not realize the cause of my own identity crisis until I read *"Professions for Women,"* an essay written by Virginia Woolf. That was when I was first introduced to the person I had become. In her essay Woolf describes a "certain phantom" which she feels she must kill off in order to write in peace. This phantom Woolf refers to as "The Angel in the House" and supposably it represents the ideal woman and the expectations of her role in life. Virginia Woolf suggests that we of "a younger and happier generation" do not know of this phantom. I can assure her that indeed some of us know her well. I was fortunate enough to seek her out just in time.

Who was this person I had become? When was the last time I set aside a few minutes for thinking time? Did I even have any thoughts of my own anymore? Yes, "The Angel" had come to haunt me. I knew the minute I read those lines, "She was intensely sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She excelled in the difficult arts of family life. She sacrificed her self daily...in short she was so constituted that she never had a mind or wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others." Why, I thought, she is describing my mother. A woman always caring about others, very polite and never thinking of herself. I had always admired those qualities in her. I even imagined being like her someday and to my dismay, my dream had recently come true. How could my mother live like this? I thought. When does she ever take time out for herself?

I imagine almost every household has its "Angel." Someone who is always there to listen, to run errands, to take care of emergency situations and to sacrifice themselves for others. Between my family obligations and situations, my work during the day and my commitments in the evening, I had begun to pick up the characteristics of this phantom. I did not really mind the unselfish part since I had always been that way anyhow. As long as I had at least an hour out of the day for myself, just to think, I was okay. It was only when I realized that I no longer had a mind or wish of my own anymore that it began to bother me. I do not mean that I felt as if I was losing my mind. I just knew that it was no longer my own. Either everyone else thought for me, instead of myself, or I thought for everyone else, instead of myself.

After reading *"Professions for Women,"* my mind came back to me; maybe since to see the truth, it sometimes has to literally hit one in the face. Let us just say that Virginia Woolf created a near miss, enough for me to realize my true identity. I decided not to kill this "Angel" as Ms. Woolf had done but rather to put her into perspective, since there were so many qualities in her that I liked. I could keep her in perspective as long as I continued to be myself. Now that I had myself back I could concentrate on developing my own mind and thoughts to what I deemed important.

I looked at the time. Good, I had just enough time to make it to my goddaughter's dance lessons. This was something that I had wanted to do for weeks. As I hurried to get ready, I glanced in the mirror. I was smiling again for the first time in days. This, in turn, took the chill out of my eyes and the crispness out of my voice. I liked me again and was glad to be back. My nose was not flat! That "Angel" did not have any idea what she was saying!

FORTS AND FRIENDSHIP

by Julie Farrer

When I was a child, summertime had always been a carefree and thrilling season. The start of summer marked the end of the school year. Adventure stories from the previous summer could resume once more. However, the summer before the fourth grade was different. My neighbor Bruce and I decided to construct forts. We built forts with folding lawn chairs, created forts under the front porch, concocted forts under fully reclined Lazy-Boy chairs, and devised forts in refrigerator boxes. None of those forts ever became a permanent hideaway for us. The folding chairs had to be put away before nightfall. Somehow it always seemed pesky swarms of bees chose Bruce's front porch to construct their hives. The forts under the Lazy-Boy recliners had to be dismantled when Dad came home from work. Weathered in the rain, the cardboard walls of the refrigerator boxes would collapse and turn into wet flimsy paper. As I remember that summer there was only one fort that survived the sunshine, rain, and wear of children at play. The fort located in the forsythia bush was the most adventurous and only permanent fortress Bruce and I built.

The large bush grew on our next door neighbor's property just to the right of my backyard. The forsythia bloomed brilliant yellow in the spring and acquired thick foliage in the summer. The bush seemed like a perfect hide-out. Because it was located in foreign territory, Bruce and I gained more incentive to conquer the shrub and use it as our refuge in the wilderness. One night around seven o'clock we stormed the territory. It resembled the Amazon Rainforest. The forsythia's branches grew along the ground like thick vines in the tropics and suddenly swirled into a giant circle as they grew towards the sun. Two natural archways formed at the front of the newly conquered refuge. A long, flimsy branch blocked the front opening and served as a natural door. The center of the bush was hollow and branches with verdant green leaves draped towards the ground. Near the edges of the branches, pale green growth sprouted towards the dim sunlight. Faint yellow rays filtered between the leaves and branches. Tender shoots of grass grew where the patches of sunlight glowed. In the branches' shadows, clumps of spongy moss grew and became a carpet for part of the fort's dirt floor.

With our make-believe machetes, Bruce and I hacked the foliage from the middle of our hide-out. Mosquitos from the shade of the bush swarmed on our bodies. The pests pricked our skin and drew our warm blood. With the help of insect repellent, we subdued the plague of mosquitoes. Unfortunately, the fort reeked of the stinky repellent. As we cleared the dead branches and leaves from the ground, Bruce and I uncovered blue pieces of glass from the old 1930's alley which was located on the same plot of land. We felt like archaeologists who had unearthed an ancient civilization. The pieces of glass had smooth, rounded edges and were the first pieces of our rock collection in the fort. A rock shaped like a bird's head was also in the collection. The limestone rock had fossils indented in its surface and a chalky grit filled the indentations.

Soon the earth under the fossil became a home for a colony of red ants. Tiny tunnels burrowed by the worker ants were pressed in the soil under the stone. The most important rock in our irreplaceable collection was a large, round stone that could sit in the palm of our hands. The rock was readily available when the infamous "white-butted" spiders came out from hiding behind their shields of leaves. The

spiders, with big white bodies, met their doom when the rock mashed upon them like a cannonball. Once we arranged the rock collection, I lined the floor with long blades of freshly cut grass and woodchips. A woodsy aroma permeated the city air. Bruce carved a small tunnel the size of a crawl space through the mesh of branches. The tunnel served as a quick escape route just in case the fort was raided by unknown visitors.

Lying on the floor of the fort during the afternoon was especially pacifying and relaxing. A gentle breeze usually rustled through the thick foliage of the forsythia. Between the barky branches the summer blue sky was visible. Many days during the season were spent in the secluded retreat. Between devouring lunches of marshmallow creme sandwiches and Campbell's Vegetable Soup, and crushing "white-butted" spiders, Bruce and I shared many enjoyable and innocent moments together in the fort. Though not much was said when we played, Bruce and I had an understanding. We were both only children and needed companions some days. Bruce was probably one of the best friends I ever had. Although Bruce moved away in the seventh grade, I still gaze out my bedroom window and see a boy and a girl playing in the fort, a permanent stronghold of memories.

MORT NEFF, THE MICHIGAN OUTDOORSMAN, STRIKES AGAIN

By Donell L. Moore

There is nothing more relaxing than fishing, or at least that is what some people say. The calmness of the water, the serenity, the peace; all your troubles seem to just float away. Well, I am here to tell you this is not exactly true. In fact, the sport of fishing almost cost me my sanity.

In the summer of 1986, it was a common occurrence for my two sons, Scooter and Jeffrey, to be missing whenever there was work to be done. If I wanted the grass cut, they were fishing. If I wanted the garage swept out, they were fishing. It seemed that every time I needed them, Scooter and Jeffrey were fishing. Well, I had had just about enough of this nonsense and was determined to find out just what this fishing was all about.

I knew their favorite fishing spot was the scenic turnout in South Park. There is a boat repair shop adjacent to the turnout with two tugboats moored there every evening (some old guy told them the fish like to lurk under the tugboats). I parked near the repair shop to see what was happening. There were all kinds of people there, all of whom seemed to be having a great time. Some people were fishing, some people were sleeping and some were just relaxing and listening to the radio. When I saw what was going on, I said to myself, "Self, you might want to get in on this!"

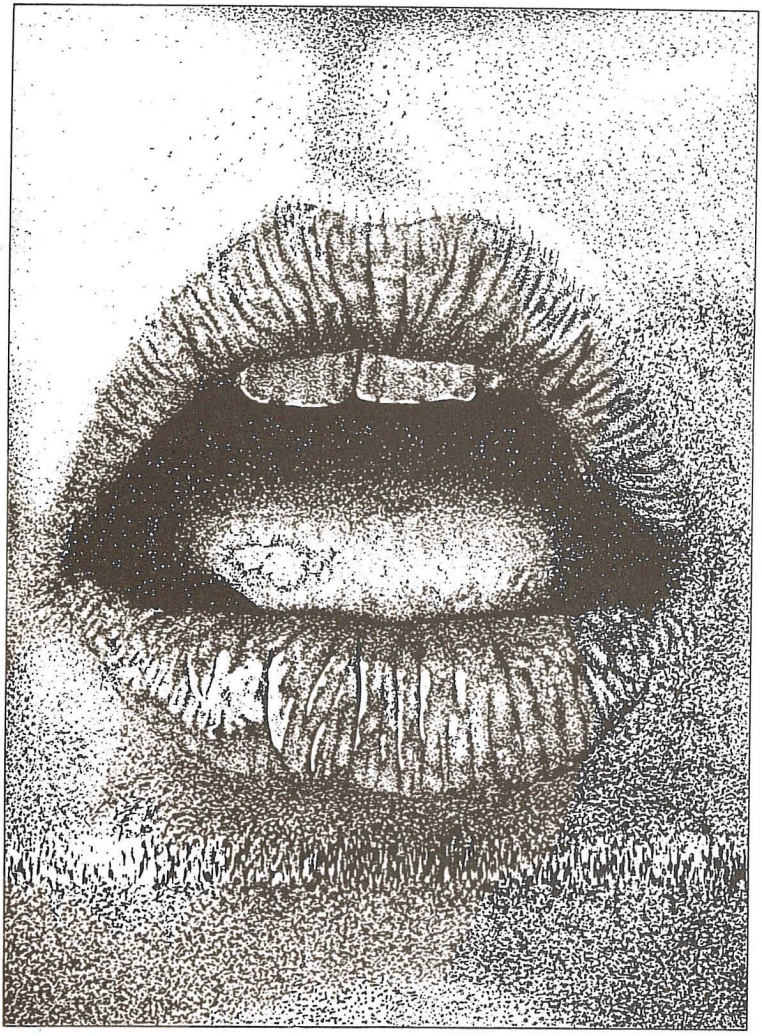
I immediately headed for K-Mart to outfit myself with the latest in fishing paraphernalia. I bought a fishing pole, a fancy reel (one that hangs from the bottom of the pole), and a bucket in which I could carry all the fish I was going to catch. I also bought a knife to filet my fish, a tackle box which contained various hooks and every kind of "Mr. Twister" lure available, and, last but not least, a fishing license (Michigan is kind of strict about that). Imagine that, I spent over $150 to look like Mort Neff, the Michigan Outdoorsman.

Quite sure that I was ready for anything, I headed back to the river where I was welcomed with open arms, which meant the boys needed more lures. Although I fumbled nervously with the packaging and the newness of my equipment, it wasn't long before I was ready to become the most famous fisherman in St. Clair County.

The kind of fishing technique used at that time of the year is called spin-casting. This is where you cast the line into the water and then slowly reel it in to create the illusion that your lure is actually alive and moving. By the way, I had never fished before, but I was not going to tell my boys this little detail. The boys cleared a space at the railing so I could cast my line near the rear of the tugboats, where all the fish were anxiously waiting for me. I reeled my line in and to my silent dismay there was nothing on it. I cast my line a second time, reeled it in and again there was nothing there. Five hours and several hundred casts later I still had nothing. The guy on my right was catching fish, and so was the guy on my left. In fact, the guy on my left had two hooks on his line and was catching fish two at a time. What really upset me was that he was using the same type of pole, the same type of reel and the same type of line that I was. I then thought, maybe I didn't have on the right color shirt, or maybe my hair wasn't combed right or maybe I just wasn't cut out for this fishing game. I

never did catch a fish.

After an embarrassing week of casting and reeling, I decided to leave the fishing to those best suited for it. I figured I would just cut the grass and be grateful for the fish my boys brought home for dinner. Nothing on this earth could make me go fishing again, and I do mean nothi.... Wait a minute! Here is an ad in the paper for a gadget that guarantees even I will catch a fish the first time out. I wonder if K-Mart is still open.



SENSUAL
Rick Faszczewski

AN OFFERING

by Joan Schieman

Outside the window, winter on the way
The sun grows cold, the sky a dreary grey
Inside a warming fire burning bright
Enhancing all it touches, golden light
When all else quiet, leaves us for a rest
Yet then the Christmas Cactus is most blest
In white glazed jardiniere, there waits a prize
Transforming magically before our eyes

Each green branch tip a burst of flaming red
Pink iridescent centers velvet bound
On Christmas Day, bedazzling all around
Festivity and celebration wed

Blooms, feathered, festooned, flowers crimson blaze
Bejeweled, embedded secrets offer praise

CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN ELEMENTS IN EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE

Second Place Tie

by Kathleen Lowenthal

An element of early English literature that is evident in both **Beowulf** and **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight** is the composite of Christian and pagan principles presented by the authors. This combination of factors allows a great deal of insight to the reader. It provides an explanation for the customs and traditions of the times as well as contributing background and understanding of modern secularization.

The Christian elements of **Beowulf** are presented in the opening lines of the poem as the author gives an historical account of Beowulf's forebears with the description of Beow's birth to Scyld:

> *Afterwards a son was born to him, a young*
> *boy in his house, whom God sent to comfort*
> *the people: He had seen the sore need*
> *they had....*

This Christian beginning can be compared to Scyld's death and funeral procession in the following passage:

> *Then also they set a golden standard*
> *high over his head, let the water take*
> *him, gave him to sea.*

The traditional Danish funeral is an example of the pagan element. It is interesting to note that the Christian idea is presented in the birth or beginning and the pagan tradition is seen in death or an ending. This order possibly shows the author's intent to present his ideology of the beginning of Christianity and, as a consequence, the fading of paganism.

Many of these same elements of Christian and pagan ideals are indicated in **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.** The literary methods of this author, however, are very different. While the author of **Beowulf** presents the Christian and pagan aspects of the story in a direct manner, Sir Gawain's author uses a more symbolic approach. **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight** opens in King Arthur's court with the celebration of Christmas in the Christian tradition. At the same time, the pagan element is introduced with the Green Knight, using both imagery and symbolism. The Green Knight is described in this way:

> *Gay was this goodly man in guise all of green;*
> *And the hair of his head to his horse suited;*
> *Fair flowing tresses enfold his shoulders;*
> *A beard big as a bush on his breast hangs,*

He is effectively portrayed as a pagan symbol of nature and earthiness. The Green

Knight's beheading is symbolic of the pagan idea of the renewal of life in the following passage:

And his head by the hair in his hand holds,
And as steady he sits in the stately saddle
As he had met with no mishap, nor missing
were his head.

The color of the knight combined with his beheading implies the pagan idea of sacrifice for the sake of renewing the life-giving quality of the land.

Near the end of the story, Christian and pagan elements are combined again in the confrontation between Sir Gawain and the Green Knight in these lines:

"You are not Gawain the glorious," the green man said,
"That never fell back on field in the face of the foe,
And now you flee for fear, and have felt no harm:
Such news of that knight I have never heard yet!"

The pagan Green Knight is used to point out Sir Gawain's human imperfection and, as a consequence, to bring about his Christian humility.

In both of these early English tales, Christian theology and tradition are paralleled with pagan rituals and ideas. This is an important aspect of the literature of that time because it not only presents the noble human quality and fallibility of the participants, it also allows each reader an understanding and interpretation of the work based on his or her beliefs and perceptions.

CURTAIN

by Scott Klein

1987 Recipient of the Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award

There is something about the moment
Just before the lights go dim, the crowd hushed,
Dark. The darkest moment comes before the dawn.
Palms sweat. Heart pounds. Breath deep.

The cue is passed silently, "places, go lights."
Dawn. Rise, move, greet the day as only an actor can--
A wrinkled upward turn of the lip, a contrived gleam,
Reflections from the spots. Dawn and a new performance.

A LIFE WORTH SAVING

by Jay Lundenburg

Cold water surrounded young men and women, while the summer sun beat down with its scorching heat. Water was splashing everywhere in Michigan State University's outdoor Olympic Pool, as students taking the free lifesaving course pushed themselves to the limit of endurance. Arm and leg muscles ached. They strained to push and pull the students' bodies through the turbulent water in desperate attempts, knowing that, if they failed, a life hung in the balance. "Pull harder, harder!" The young instructor yelled over and over again. She was trying the best she could to instill in us the responsibility and privilege of the title, "Lifeguard." Her words, "Do it again," droned in our ears like the buzzing of a pesky fly. "That life is depending upon you," she stressed over and over again. Little did she realize how important those words would prove to be in just a scant five minutes.

"Out of the pool," the instructor called, briskly. "Put street clothes and shoes on over your suits. Now, line up in the diving area and prepare to jump in one at a time off the diving board. Disrobe in the water, as if you had fallen out of a boat or off a dock," she bellowed, straining her voice. One by one the line shortened until I, too, stepped up and onto the diving board and looked down at eighteen feet of cold, deep water. I heard the splash as I went in.

I bobbed to the surface slowly, as the clothing impeded every attempt I made to swim. I sucked in a gulp of fresh air and went under to strip off my shoes and socks. "Why let these sink to the bottom?" I thought to myself. "I'll just toss them on the side of the pool." As I surfaced, I swam toward the edge, unaware of where I was. Without my coke bottle glasses on, everything was fuzzy and the chlorine in the water had not helped either. Splash! "Wow!" I thought. "That was close. I better get out of the way." After I had taken two back strokes, the lights went out and darkness set in.

The next student diving into the pool realized too late that his trajectory was aimed at me, a guy with shoes and socks in his hands. As the student hit the water, pain seared his left hip, forcing air from his lungs. Fighting with one good leg, he edged his way toward the surface. Before he reached the air he needed so badly, he saw a guy's body, amidst his shoes and socks, sliding silently down deeper into the water, his eyes open and face looking startled. Instinctively the trainee reached out for the boy's hair but could not grab it, as his own left leg was useless. So he surfaced and yelled for help.

The lifeguard instructor was confused amid the girls' screams; then, she saw the results of two errors in judgment. "Clear the pool!" she screamed, as she dove for the bottom of the pool. She stared at the crumpled body ahead of her, settling on the bottom. She strained at her arms to reach this life quickly. Chlorine bit at her eyes, but she dared not blink. "Save that life," screamed in her mind over and over. Carefully, she slid her arm around his limp young body. Her legs sprang them both from the bottom with force she never knew possible, aided with only one free arm. Her lungs were now burning and ready to burst for air, yet her only thought was, "Save this life." At the surface, "Call for an ambulance and the police," she yelled, as soothing air filled her body with renewed strength.

My eyes cleared for a second at the edge of the pool, as I heard, "Careful, his neck has been injured." Then unconsciousness settled in again. Many arms carefully lifted

me out of the pool and gently laid my rag-doll body on the hot cement walkway. No artificial respiration was necessary, as the body, after being removed from the water, reacted automatically to the decrease in pressure in the air passageway. Fifteen minutes later, my body was lifted into the back of the ambulance.

As sirens blared down busy streets, the ambulance raced for Sparrow Hospital miles away, weaved in and out between cars, and chanced red stop lights to save another life. My eyes opened once again to a beige ceiling, not three feet from my face. A man's firm voice from a face I could not see, said, "Do not move your head." Amid the sirens as they changed pitch, I responded, "I won't." I slipped back into the land of nothingness again.

Thirty minutes had passed from the time the call for help rang out, until the ambulance pulled into the hospital emergency entrance. The jar caused my eyes to open one more time. This time they remained open. Thoughts drifted by that this must be the hospital, that I hurt, and that I could not move my head.

Recovery was very slow due to the damaged neck cartilage. Now, many years later, I realize the vital lesson learned on that summer's day by those students and myself. Anywhere, at any time, there will be a life worth saving and, no matter the sacrifice, you must be ready.

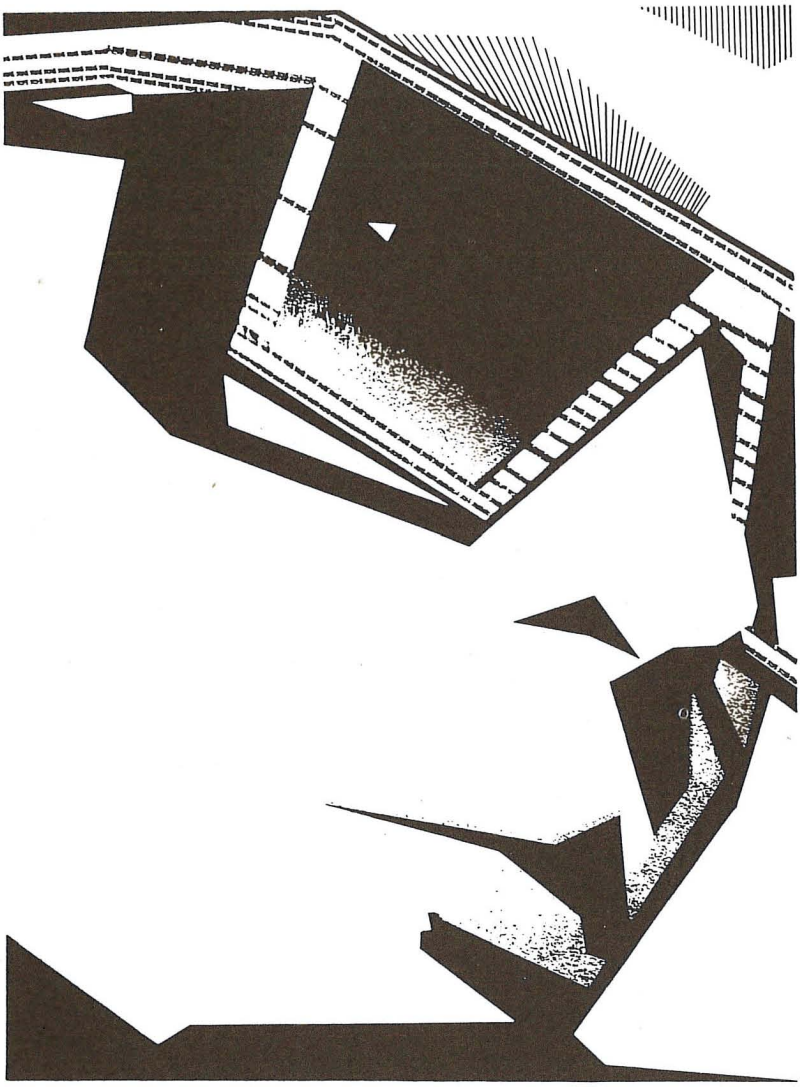
ANCIENT EAGLE GOD

Becky West

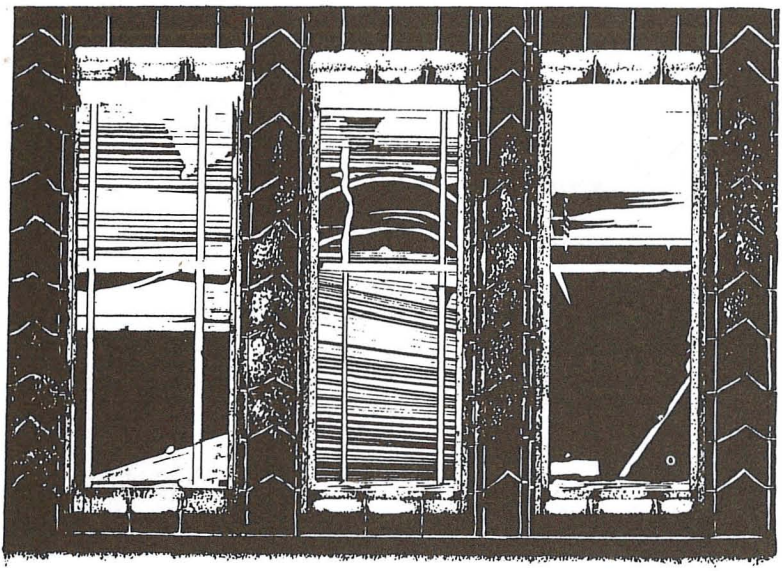
LAUGHTER

by Diane Ramey

His laughter
ripples like
dry leaves in fall
blowing tick tickle tick
down the steps and away.



SHADES
Debbie Kielbasa



WINDOW PAINS
Chris Gibbons

CHILD'S PLAY
Carolyn Klause

HUNTING

by B. Sue Schwarz

As the youngest in a family of four girls, whose father was in absentia, I witnessed life around me from a strictly female view, so when my new husband suggested we go to an overnight "camp out," I was totally unprepared for the experience. Meticulously I packed four complete changes of clothes: one in case I fell in the river, one for the next day, one for "dinner out" and one for spare. I had no idea I would be sleeping in my grubby clothes in the bed of a mini-pickup truck, not able to wash or brush my teeth from Friday evening until late Sunday night. "Dinner out" would be a lump of greasy hamburger molded around a dirt-encrusted baked potato with chunks of (yuck!) unpeeled carrots, slowly roasted in foil to a charcoal finish. After that weekend, I vowed all future campsites would be located within spitting distance of a Hilton Hotel sign.

Years later I was surprised when my husband invited me to sit with him for an afternoon of deer hunting. Deer hunting to me conjured up images of dark, smokey, music-blaring, log cabin-style bars with strictly men - or few two-legged dears, perhaps in attendance. Curiosity got the best of me, and I agreed to try it.

Late one crisp fall afternoon, Wayne and I trudged through dense brush interspersed with brief clearings. A scattering of denuded trees marched silently in place, their fallen leaves swishing quietly at our feet as we ambled through. The sky was partly overcast, creating brief bursts of brilliant sunshine as shadows from clouds chased through the woods around us. Finally, we arrived at the "perfect" spot, and I collapsed to the ground.

My husband hunts in style! A small metal drum lying on its side with attached legs served as a wood stove, so we wouldn't freeze. A few snacks and beer and pop were in a pack I carried. I questioned in my mind the repeated instructions I had been given about being quiet in the woods. Pop-top cans didn't count as noisy.

We selected different vantage points, and I unearthed a seat on a slightly damp and moss-covered fallen log. I had brought a book to read, but my husband would whisper to me every few minutes. Concentration escaped me.

I looked at the surrounding woods using only my eyes (deer can perceive movement better than hear sound) and discovered we were in a beautiful canopy-like area of trees. Although I could not see it, the gurgle of a nearby stream clearly echoed through the area. A peaceful silence punctuated by bird talk and squirrel rustle descended over us. My mind was free to wander along, or stop and rest. This was peace. This was serenity.

Then a new sound could be heard, almost like our own footsteps, but lighter, quicker. Suddenly, a spot of velvety brown moved at my right, in the slightly sloping swale. I froze, trying hard not to breathe and losing the fight. A flicker of white tail, a bobbing of picture-perfect head, and finally the whole doe appeared. I was enchanted with the graceful movement and cautious behavior of the animal. From my briefing at the cabin, I knew that usually one or more doe appear before the buck will show himself, so I concentrated on shallow breathing to keep my aching legs and stiff back from demanding a change in position. Sure enough, two more does emerged from the forest backdrop and came to feed in the clearing before us. How could anyone shoot one of these beautiful creatures? Then the meanest roughest old buck

invaded this quiet scene like a blast from a shotgun. He snorted and stomped, reared up and attacked these soft, gentle females of the forest. Down he came upon their backs with razor sharp hoofs, gouging the shiny velvet coats with impressions that would last forever. He pushed and bucked and created such a disturbance, I was surprised the whole county didn't hear him.

Peace and serenity fled. My moments of reflection were over; the closeness I had felt to my husband had been broached. I had learned one of the great attractions to deer hunting, and I had witnessed the brutal acts of a majestic animal. My question had been answered.

The hunting episode lives on in my memory. The buck lives on in our freezer, neatly wrapped and coldly subdued.

THE WISE ONE
Amy Keyworth

FRIENDS OF THE ARTS

Summer concerts on the banks of the Black River, children's theater, Marge Boal Drama Festival banners, **PATTERNS**, along with other ARTS ALIVE! activities at the college benefit from contributions made to Friends of the Arts. These many and varied activities at the college provide an important cultural bridge with the community. For students, academic and vocational programs are only part of the total educational concept; art, music, theater, literature, and writing have always provided a bridge for social awareness and human understanding. The arts remind us of our humanity, preserve our culture, and extend our values to succeeding generations.

Throughout history the various creative arts have depended upon the generosity of supporters who recognize their importance for society. Friends of the Arts was formed to enable the various ARTS ALIVE! programs to continue to contribute to the community of which they are a significant part. With the financial contributions of these Friends, this cultural bridge has been strengthened in its presentations for all interested people in the Blue Water communities. We at the college deeply appreciate the support of our distinguished donors, patrons, and friends. If you believe in the importance of the college arts program and your name is not listed among the contributing Friends, we invite you to attend our events and to join with others in keeping ARTS ALIVE! at St. Clair County Community College.

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For further information on Friends of the Arts, contact Patrick Bourke, Associate Dean of Arts and Letters, SCCCC, 323 Erie St., Port Huron, MI 48060.

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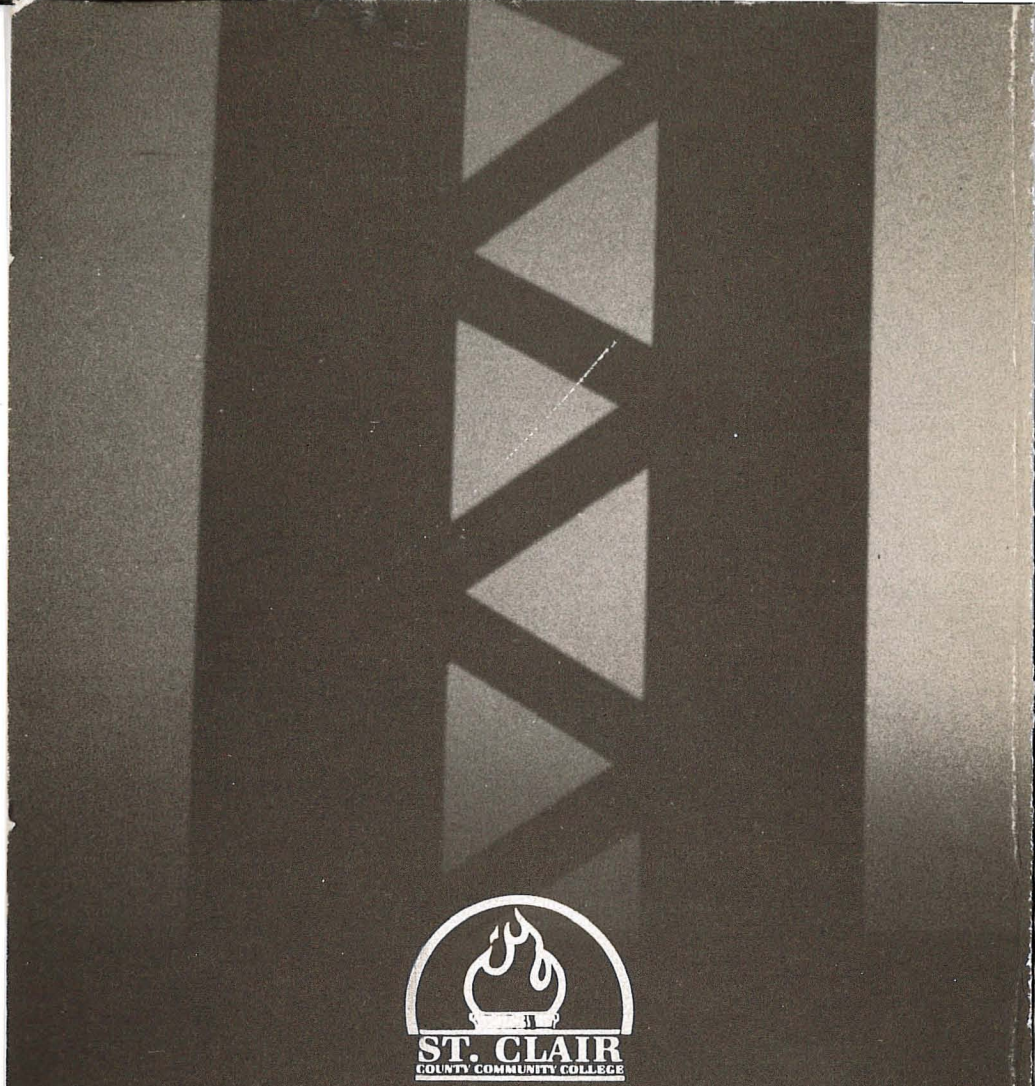
A Special Note

Don Haines, a member of the English department who took a year's sabbatical in 1987 to work on his own writing, decided not to return to the college but to continue living and writing in California. For many years Don served on the **PATTERNS** committee to read and determine selections for publication. As a teacher he fostered good writing skills in his students and encouraged many to submit their work to **PATTERNS**. The English department will miss his supportive efforts but wishes him well with his own creative writing.



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